

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 801



APRIL 4, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1885

TWO EXTRA
SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE
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A LADIES' SKETCHING CLUB

Topics of the Week

THE AMEER IN INDIA.—Will Abdurrahman Khan return to Cabul thoroughly convinced that an English alliance will pay him better than a Russian? This is the real matter of importance at the back of all the pomp and pageantry, the cannonading and military display of the Rawul Pindi meeting. The astute Afghan—who appears to bear some outward resemblance to the Claimant—has come into India to spy out the nakedness of the land in a political sense. He knew before leaving Cabul that he would meet with a splendid reception, and he knew, too, that the English would endeavour to make their military power plain to him by parading many thousands of picked troops. As for the railway and the great bridge at Attock, and all the other grand achievements which are supposed to have impressed his mind with a profound sense of our power, it is probable that his attitude to all wonders of the sort was entirely Gallic-like. Would the English be disposed to restore to Afghanistan those trans-Indus territories of which she was deprived by the Sikhs? In the event of a Russian invasion, would the more powerful native princes side with the English or with their assailants? Had anything been done between the mouth of the Khyber and the Indus to render an invasion by that route more difficult? These, we imagine, are the sort of queries that the Royal mind has pondered. One thing is certain; now that the Ameer perceives the high value we attach to his friendship, he will be sure to put a stiff price upon it. Afghans are reported to be venal and treacherous, nor is it likely that Abdurrahman Khan's former residence among the Russians weeded these national defects out of his nature.

PEOPLE WHO WANT WAR.—At a time like the present, when considerable tension exists in the relations between our own Government and that of Russia, it is worth remembering that, although everybody in theory admits that war is a terrible calamity, there are a good many persons whose interests and inclinations cause them to regard an impending conflict with downright satisfaction. To begin with, there are the fighting Services. However amiable and pacific a man may naturally be, he cannot, if he follows the profession of arms, avoid feeling a thrill of delight when war breaks out. Of course, war brings with it increased personal risk, but hope springs eternal in the human breast; each man thinks that the bullet will not find its destined billet in his own person, and, at the worst, these not unnatural qualms and the pangs of parting with dearly-beloved friends are swallowed up and effaced by the anticipation of promotion and honours. Shipowners, too—especially at a time when freights rule low and many vessels are laid up for lack of employment—can scarcely fail to welcome a declaration of war, because war implies extensive Government chartering of ships, and Government is both a bad bargainer and an excellent paymaster. All the people, too, who deal in war-like apparatus—the Birmingham gunmakers, for example—and the whole host of contractors, delight in prospective war. Somebody, for example, must be making a good thing out of that canned beef which is being shipped in such quantities from America. Let us at least hope that the Government officials are exercising a vigilant supervision over the quality of the food thus supplied. Then, lastly, to come to our own profession;—it scarcely accords with the pecuniary interests of the journalist to advocate peace. The excitement of war is almost sure to give his paper an increased circulation. But, although classes and individuals may benefit, the mass of the community may rest assured that war is in every way a calamity. The semblance of commercial activity which it sometimes produces is an utter delusion. Thirty years ago Richard Cobden spoke thus concerning the Crimean War:—"Some men fancy because they have got Government contracts that therefore trade is good, and war is good for trade. Why, it is, in fact, carrying on the trade of Rochdale by the taxation of the country; it is like keeping a dog alive by feeding him with his own tail."

FRANCE AND HER GOVERNMENT.—M. Ferry was dismissed from office for concealing bad news, but he deserved his fate for other and even more important reasons. There never was the slightest justification for his "unofficial" war with China. Like the wretched war with Madagascar, it was undertaken simply from motives of ambition, and the best class of Frenchmen protested against it earnestly from the beginning. Moreover, M. Ferry was as indifferent to ordinary considerations of prudence as to the laws of international morality. All who knew anything of China assured him that he was entering upon a struggle which would involve his country in most serious trouble. In this country those who had the best right to speak on the subject with authority pointed out again and again that the Chinese had made rapid progress during the last twenty years, and that they would be able to offer a formidable resistance even to a great European Power. M. Ferry neglected these plain warnings, and the consequence is that France has again had an opportunity of seeing what comes of a Minister beginning such enterprises "with a light heart." The change of Ministry is not likely to have very serious results in France

itself. The time for a general election is approaching, and the new Government will carefully avoid giving unnecessary offence to any important section of the Republican party. So far as England is concerned, the policy of France would probably not be very different from that of M. Ferry even if a Monarchy were established. However much Frenchmen may disagree about other matters, they are practically unanimous in their opinions about Egypt. They do not dispute that we have important interests in that country; but by some inexplicable process of reasoning they have persuaded themselves that they have at least as good a right as England to a voice in the management of Egyptian affairs. This conviction has not been at all shaken by the fact that the sacrifices which have been made in Egypt and the Soudan since the revolt of Arabi have been made, not by them, but by us. Their theory is that we may do all the fighting if we please, but that it is their part to reap the benefit of our efforts. We must not, therefore, expect to receive any token of goodwill from M. Ferry's successor.

LORD WOLSELEY'S RETURN TO CAIRO.—Some invidious comments have been passed, not altogether unfairly, on Lord Wolseley's return to Cairo. It certainly wears an odd look for a General to leave his troops to literally "stew in their own juice," with fever, and cholera, and swarms of enemies threatening, while he betakes himself to more comfortable quarters at a distance of a thousand miles or so. Hostile critics should remember, however, that Lord Wolseley may have been ordered to Cairo for consultative purposes. Affairs are getting into such a mess both on the Nile and at Suakim that the Government may be pardoned if they desire to have their adviser-in-chief somewhat nearer to Downing Street. We give little heed to the stories that Lord Wolseley has been brought back either to take personal charge of the operations against Osman Digma, or to proceed to India for service in Afghanistan. Generals Stewart, Roberts, Hardinge, and Macgregor are quite capable of giving a good account of the Russians, while even if it be admitted that Sir Gerald Graham has not yet effected the "smashing" of the Mahdi's cleverest lieutenant, precisely the same disparagement might be thrown at Lord Wolseley himself in connection with the Mahdi. In fine, all our efforts so far have proved entirely ineffectual, and it may well be that Lord Wolseley has been summoned to Cairo to deliberate with the Khédive and Sir Evelyn Baring whether the Soudan War has not assumed a Quixotic character. So long as Gordon was alive, we had a purpose to gain well worth heavy sacrifices. Is it so now? Thoughtful people are beginning more and more to put that question to themselves, and perhaps the Ministerial mind may be going through the same process.

RIEL'S REBELLION.—The present aspect of our foreign and colonial affairs bears a certain unpleasant resemblance to the condition of things during the latter days of the Roman Empire, when the Imperial Generals were summoned from point to point to repel successive inroads of Goths, Vandals, and Huns. Matters with us are not come to such a desperate pass as this; and our Empire has a great advantage over that of ancient Rome, in the fact that a large portion of our outlying possessions have been acquired by colonisation, not by conquest. India, it is true, has been gained by conquest, and India has for years past been a burden and anxiety to our statesmen. All our jealousy of Russia, all our bedevilment in Egypt, is due to the fact that we hold India. And the trouble which has taken place in the north-west of Canada is remotely traceable to our conquest of that country. Riel and his half-breed brother rebels have no more racial affinity to England than have the Boers of the Transvaal; whatever in them is not Red Indian is Norman-French; and they resent the intrusion of the Anglo-Scottish civilisation which has gradually been rolling westwards from the Province of Ontario. We speak under correction, for little is really known concerning the grievances and aspirations of Riel and his companions. The Red River Expedition of 1870, when Lord (then Colonel) Wolseley won his spurs by suppressing a similar outbreak, attracted very little attention in this country, public opinion being thoroughly absorbed in the Franco-German War. The probability is, if the authorities judiciously mingle mercy with firmness, and endeavour, if possible, to remove the causes of the discontent, that the revolt will be confined to the district where it originated. The French of the Eastern Province are not likely to feel much sympathy with these hybrids of the Far West; but it is disquieting to learn that the adjacent Indian tribes, who were at first reported to be loyal, are on the war-path. If the Fenians of the United States should venture to interfere in this domestic difficulty, they will find the hand of every decent man in the Dominion against them, whatever his creed or nationality may be.

MR. GOSCHEN AT EDINBURGH.—Mr. Goschen has decided to become a candidate for the North-Eastern Division of Edinburgh, and there can be little doubt that he will succeed. He has already received promises of support from a majority of the voters, and it is improbable that many of them will change their minds before the General Election. If he were again to vote against the Government, he might put the loyalty of some of his friends to rather too severe a test; but the only important question which remains to be discussed by the present Parliament is the renewal of the Crimes Act, and in dealing with that subject Mr. Goschen will certainly

not break away from Mr. Gladstone's leadership. On the whole, it is creditable to the Edinburgh Liberals that they should have accepted Mr. Goschen's candidature, for, notwithstanding his great ability, his opposition to the Franchise Bill gave the Liberal party just reason to regard him with some suspicion. The new constituency will be well rewarded for its willingness to overlook this violation of a fundamental Liberal principle. It is supposed by some politicians that when Mr. Gladstone retires the Whigs and the Radicals will separate, and that Mr. Goschen will become the Whig leader. It may, however, be doubted whether the Whigs and the Radicals will do anything so very foolish. About a large number of questions they are united, and each party knows that if it stood alone it would be powerless against the Conservatives. As for the much-talked-of union of the Whigs and the Conservatives, few dispassionate observers will believe in it until it is an accomplished fact. The chances are that, after the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone, the relations of parties will be very much the same as they are now, and that Mr. Goschen will be able to secure commanding influence only by supporting the policy of the united Liberals. Should he adopt this course—and some of his recent speeches seem to imply that he means to do so—it is not impossible that he may some day be Prime Minister. For Lord Hartington will by-and-by be transferred to the House of Lords, and a seat in the Upper House will by no means improve his chance of obtaining the Premiership.

THE FRENCH RETREAT.—It is abundantly plain that the French commanders in Tonquin were badly served by their Intelligence Department. While they were pressing on farther and farther into the interior, the Chinese, it now appears, were quietly preparing to pour down a resistless torrent of armed men on the invading columns. That neither General Négrier nor General Brière de l'Isle felt any fear for the safety of Lang Son is proved by the latest telegram from the former officer, in which he declared that he did not require any reinforcements. Within a very few hours after sending off this comforting despatch he was in full retreat from the town, out of which he had been driven by three huge columns, operating simultaneously. The Chinese appear to have come to close quarters quickly, and when once fighting assumes that character, numerical superiority tells terribly. The unfortunate part of the matter is that this disaster should have occurred just when things seemed to be making for peace. Both sides were sick of the endless strife, which brought profit to neither; and had the French moderated their terms somewhat, the peace party at Peking would have probably got the upper hand again. Everything is now changed, and we see no escape from a great war, accompanied by heavy losses to commercial nations doing business with China. Indeed, it may be open to question whether Europeans at the treaty ports will be safe from massacre. When John Chinaman once gets into a fighting mood, he is not very particular in discriminating one "foreign devil" from another, but cuts, carves, and carbonadoes all round with delightful impartiality.

"BULL-NURSES."—Perhaps we ought to apologise for using this word; but years ago (it may be so still) it was the sailor's phrase to indicate a male attendant on the sick. We recommend the attention of doctors and others to a very sensible letter on this subject in the *St. James's Gazette* of Monday last. Everybody is aware that during the last twenty years or so women have gradually rushed into various employments where formerly only men were accustomed to tread. Heaven forbid that we should grudge them the privilege. In many cases they do the work just as well as, if not better than, men; and, poor creatures! they are either content to accept, or obliged to put up with, lower wages than would satisfy their razor-using rivals. But now for the special point concerning which we desire to speak. Nursing seems an especially feminine occupation. There was a time when most of the professional nursing was done by elderly ladies of the Sairey Gamp type, though many of them (we hope most of them) treated their patients better than did that distinguished creation of Dickens's genius. Then came Miss Florence Nightingale, who made nursing fashionable. Young women of good breeding and refinement took to it, some for conscience' sake, others because they had a real vocation in that direction. The result, on the whole, has been satisfactory, and it is probable that nursing is altogether both more intelligently and humanely carried on than it was thirty years ago. But one effect of the Nightingale crusade has been to kill off the "bull-nurses" of former days. As "J. H. L." pertinently says in the above letter, a male nurse is now very difficult to procure. The chances are, if one does present himself, that he has been an attendant in a lunatic asylum, which would be to many people the reverse of a recommendation, for such men are apt to have very rough-and-ready ways. Yet it is easy to see that in many cases male nurses are the best suited for male patients. A woman who becomes a nurse does not cease to be a woman, and, as she is usually a young woman, her sense of propriety cannot fail to be shocked by the occurrence of many unavoidable incidents. And, without insisting too strongly on this aspect of the case, the superior physical strength which the male creature usually possesses, however inferior he may be to Woman in other respects, must come in very handily where heavy patients have to be lifted.

PRINCE BISMARCK.—The late Dr. Bluntschli was warmly congratulated by innumerable friends and admirers when he completed fifty years of service as a Professor, and he was greatly delighted by these testimonies of sympathy and appreciation. "After all, however," he said, rather sadly, "it is an end, not a beginning." Prince Bismarck may have had a little of this feeling when all Germany united to do him honour on his seventieth birthday; but even he, indifferent as he usually is to popularity, must have been touched and pleased by so striking a demonstration of national affection and respect. He well deserves all the praises which have been lavished upon him by his countrymen during the last few days. It is sometimes said that Germany would sooner or later have been united even if he had never lived; and this is no doubt true, for the movement in favour of unity was in the deepest sense a national one, and reactionary politicians were aware more than fifty years ago that it would triumph in the end. But there is no reason to suppose that the object would have been attained during the present century had not the work been taken in hand by a statesman of high political genius, and of a fearless and masterful temper. The difficulties in the way were enormous, and it was possible only for a man like Bismarck to overcome them quickly. Had he done nothing more, his place in the foremost rank of European statesmen would have been secure; but he has done very much more. In his domestic policy, indeed, he has not been very successful, nor has he always deserved success; but the foreign affairs of Germany he has conducted in a manner which has commanded the admiration of the world. He has maintained her interests and her honour with splendid courage and foresight, and he has done so without giving any of her neighbours just cause for serious offence. Germany may well be proud of his achievements, and look forward with dread to the day when his power will pass into less vigorous hands.

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.—Very conflicting accounts are telegraphed from the Continent as to the amount of pressure which was put on the Sultan to make him sign the Egyptian Convention. The one thing which appears clear is that Abdul Hamid tried to make use of his shadowy suzerainty to extort concessions from England, and that Lord Granville thereupon gave a very plain hint of his intention to stop the tribute paid by Egypt to Turkey if the Porte stood on its abstract rights. Englishmen are bound, of course, to feel glad that, for once in a way, their diplomacy has scored a triumph. There will be a great many, however, to regret that it was gained at the expense of the Turk. He is "unspeakable," and all the rest of it; but just at present his friendship is well worth having. The Afghans do not, it is true, pay much respect to his spiritual authority; while the Turkomans usually regard the distant Caliph as either a myth or a Europeanised renegade. But the Mahomedans of India still cherish respect for the Head of the Faithful, mainly by reason of the recognition he receives from the holy Mollahs of Mecca. Were those learned doctors commissioned by the Sultan to proclaim India a "country of the Infidel," all the fanatical Mahomedans in Hindostan would seethe with passion. It is quite possible, of course, that the terms demanded by the Sultan for his good will were extortionate. Now, however, that the Government have got their way without paying anything, it would be sound policy to throw a sop or two to the Cerberus that guards the Dardanelles.

"THE LITERATURE OF THE STAGE."—By this expression we do not mean plays, or the ordinary criticism of plays, but the vast amount of contemporary writing about dramatic matters, which proves that a great many people nowadays are interested in the theatre. Mr. Clement Scott the other day delivered a very interesting address before the Playgoers' Club. It has since been published, and is well worth reading. We think that Mr. Scott, who doubtless considers himself a veteran, although to some of us he seems quite a youngster, rather exaggerates the dismal condition of the drama during the period which preceded the present revival. Those of us who were young in those days can remember many enjoyable evenings at the play. Theatres were far fewer in number than now, but for that very reason there was often a remarkable aggregation of talent on the boards of one house. Then there was a much greater variety of *répertoire*, because in those days runs were usually brief. Audiences chiefly consisted of Londoners, with, at certain seasons, a sprinkling of country cousins; whereas now the audiences are furnished by the entire English-speaking world. We admit that companies, as a whole, were less carefully drilled than now; that the "star" system was unpleasantly prevalent, and that the scenery and mechanical appliances were decidedly inferior to those of the present day. But perhaps the most noteworthy part of Mr. Scott's lecture is his eloquent defence of the poetical drama, and we are inclined to agree with him that the *blasé, moqueur, nil admirari* spirit that is apt to prevail in the higher-priced places of the theatre (the pit and gallery are far more cordial and appreciative) have done much to discourage the production of pieces which demand from the spectators some elevation of feeling. Turning to another branch of the subject, the undying interest in matters theatrical is also shown by the discussion of the social status of actors, a topic now pretty well threshed out, and to which Mr. John Coleman, in the *National Review*, is one of the latest contributors. A more amusing instance of the importance now attaching to questions affecting the

drama is afforded by the pen-and-ink war which has been waging between Mr. F. C. Burnand and sundry critics who profess to be shocked because Mr. Burnand introduced into his burlesque of *Maseppa* a parody of a music-hall ditty. Says Mr. Burnand in reply, "The past masters of the art of burlesque, Planché and Albert Smith to wit, did substantially the same thing, although there were no music-halls then." He is quite right—they did, and they delighted our youthful ears with their clever parodies. But the point we desire to enforce is that this tempest in a teapot shows how many people there must be who take a pleasure in all that refers to plays and play-acting.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.—Much praise has been given to the puddlers, shinglers, and millmen at Tinsley, near Sheffield, who lately offered to help their employers by doing a week's work for nothing. And certainly their conduct presents a pleasant contrast to all the talk we hear nowadays about the strained relations of capital and labour. It may be assumed that the men who have acted so generously have kind employers, for they would not have gone out of their way to aid hard taskmasters. The incident ought not to be without effect on capitalists, many of whom are too apt to think that they have no other duty towards their workmen than to obtain the largest amount of labour they can get for the lowest possible wages. It is said that the Socialist party has made considerable progress in England during the last few years. Whether this be true or not, there can be no doubt that there is a growing feeling among the working classes that they obtain less than their fair share of the wealth produced by their labour. English workmen, however, are not unreasonable; and capitalists would, we believe, find it comparatively easy to satisfy them if the operation of the rigid laws of supply and demand were tempered by the manifestation of a little kindly feeling. How does it happen that so few employers try what could be done by admitting their men to a share of the profits in good years? The plan has succeeded admirably in almost every case in which it has been properly carried out; for workmen, knowing that their interests are identical with those of their masters, are careful to do their work well, and less supervision is necessary than in the manufactories and workshops conducted on the ordinary principle. If this scheme were generally adopted—or, at any rate, if workmen were convinced that capitalists have a sincere desire for their welfare—we should soon hear the last of Socialism in England; and we should cease to be surprised by action like that of the Tinsley men. The ideas of the Socialists are repugnant to the English mind, and it depends chiefly on the well-off classes themselves whether the "cause" shall or shall not be rapidly extinguished in this country.

NOTICE.—With this Number are issued Two EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "CHRIST AT THE COLUMN," from the Picture by Velasquez presented to the National Gallery by Sir John Savile Lumley, K.C.B.; the other containing scenes from the WAR IN THE SOUDAN, from sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 7.30, THE SILVER KING, a New and Original Drama, in Five Acts, by Henry Jones and Henry Herman, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, De Solia, Foss, Elliot, Evans, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Diven, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. The scenery by Messrs. Willard, Huntley, Stafford Hall, Bruce Smith, and Walter Hann. At 7.30, THE COLOUR SERGEANT, Mr. George Barrett, &c. Doors open at 6.30. Box Office 9.30 till 5.0. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 1s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Two Performances of the Silver King on Easter Monday.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. On MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, at 8.15, will be revived, for a limited number of performances, the successful Play in Four Acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Wetherby, Mr. Gratton, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.45. PERIL at 8.15. Matinee of PERIL, SATURDAY next, APRIL 11, at 2.15. Telephone, 5,700. Carriages at 1.45. Carriages at 5.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1885. ST. JAMES'S GRAND AND MINOR HALLS. MOORE AND BURGESS' MINSTRELS' TWENTIETH ANNUAL SERIES. Of Easter Holiday Performances will commence on MONDAY, APRIL 6, when an ENTIRELY NEW AND MOST ATTRACTIVE Programme will be given. Debut of the Great American Humourist, MR. W. P. SWEATMAN. EXTRA GRAND DAY PERFORMANCES. Will be given on EASTER MONDAY AFTERNOON at THREE. EASTER TUESDAY AFTERNOON at THREE. EASTER WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON at THREE. And on SATURDAY Night the Performances will take place in the Great Hall, affording ample accommodation for FIVE THOUSAND VISITORS At Each Representation.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Great Area and Gallery, 1s. No fees of any description. Programmes for Omnibuses run direct to the doors of St. James's Hall from all parts of London. Visitors can also book from all stations on the Metropolitan and District Railways to the doors of St. James's Hall by asking for tickets to Piccadilly Circus.

JAPAN IN LONDON. UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. Albert Gate, Hyde Park (Near Top of Sloane Street). SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS. 250,000 persons have already visited TANNAN, a JAPANESE VILLAGE. Fresh Arrivals from Japan. Five Streets of Houses and Shops constructed and peopled by the Japanese, who may be seen engaged at their various occupations in their own Country Daily (Good Friday excepted). Eleven a.m. to ten p.m. ONE SHILLING. Children, Sixpence. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown. Children, One Shilling. Japanese Entertainments at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free). Military Band.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND (Incorporated by Royal Charter) for the RELIEF of the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of British Artists.

PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. The SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1885.

The Right Hon. Viscount HARDINGE in the chair. The Institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts. Gentlemen's tickets, 25s.; ladies', 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the stewards; at the bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 23, Garrick Street, W.C.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS by ARTISTS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW. THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER. AN ORDER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE. A PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE. THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A LITTLE DUCHESS. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. MUCH AD ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON. THE POACHER. BRITON RIVIERE. LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE. FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA. PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA. &c., &c., &c. Engravings of above on sale at 21s. each. OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION. 31s. 6d. each. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS. GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual. EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on April 1st and 3rd (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, and on GOOD FRIDAY, A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.—EASTER MONDAY.—The March Past of the Volunteers, at the Grand Stand on the Brighton Race Course, will take place about 11.30 a.m. A SPECIAL FIRST CLASS EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m.; returning from Brighton 4.45 p.m. Fare there and back, 15s. First Class; 17s. Pullman Car. These Tickets will be available to return by any Train, according to class, any day up to and including Monday, April 13th.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—The Company's General West End Booking Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square. Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill. Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate Circus. Gaze's Tourist Office, 124, Strand. Jakins' Office, "The Red Cap," Camden Road. Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove. Lettis and Co., 35, King William Street, City. Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. Tickets issued at these Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on April 1st, 2nd, and 4th. For further particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices. (By Order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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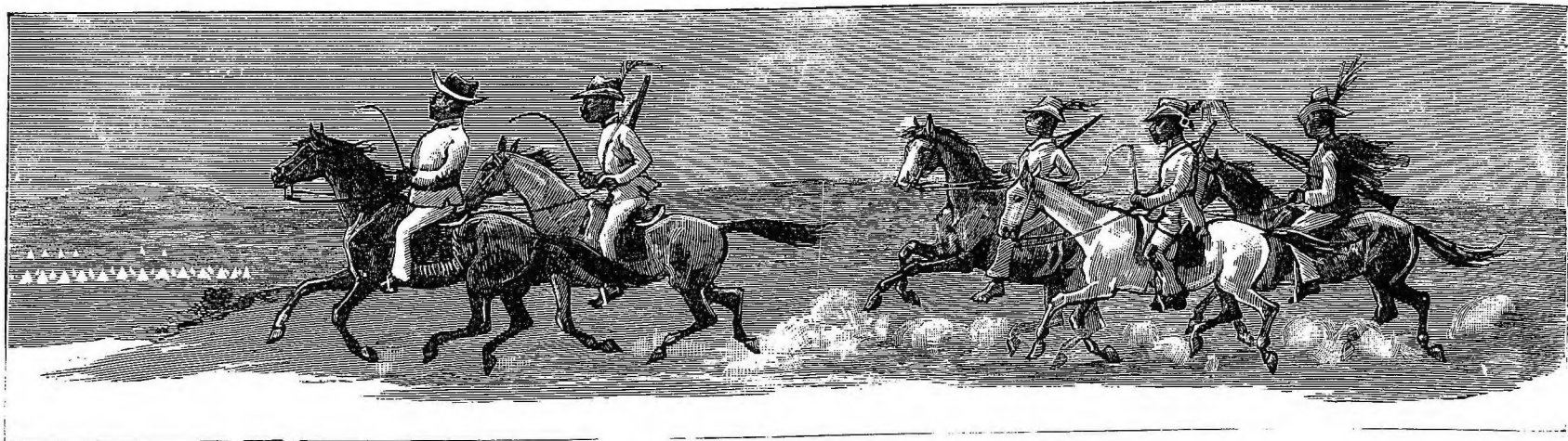
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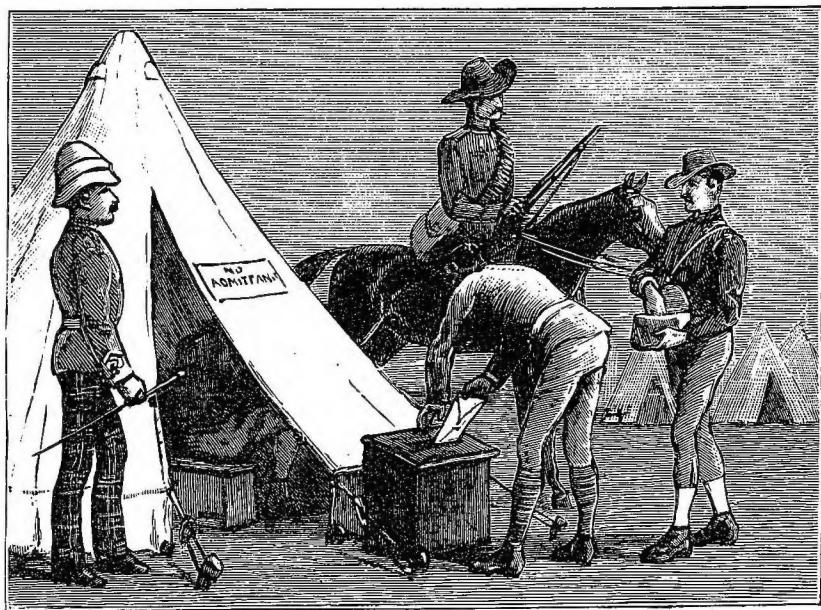
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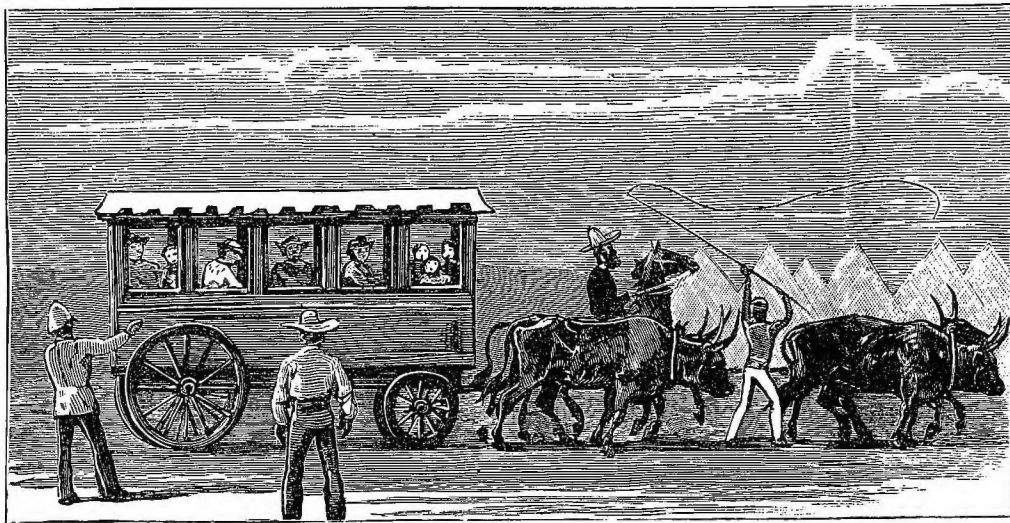
KING MANKORANNE RIDES DOWN WITH HIS ESCORT TO VIEW THE CAMP AT TAUNGS



THE CAMP POST-OFFICE AT TAUNGS



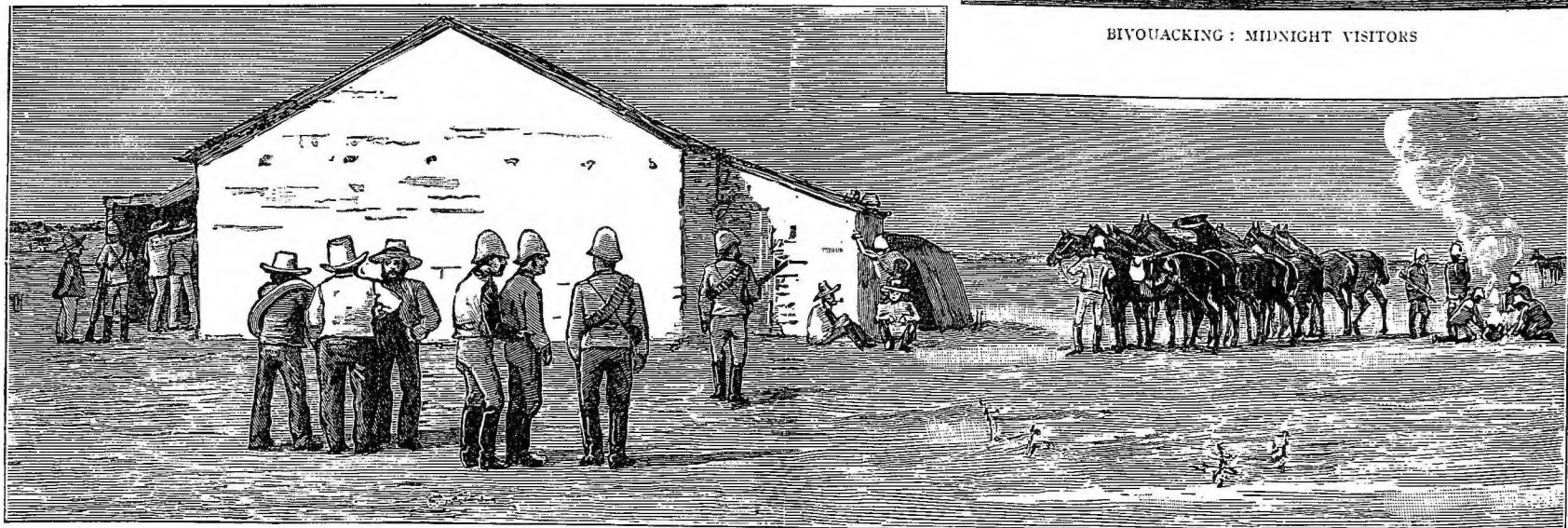
THE BOERS COME TO SEE THE GARDNER GUN, AND DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT



PAPA BRINGS HIS DAUGHTERS OVER TO SEE THE CAMP



BIVOUACKING : MIDNIGHT VISITORS



HOUSE WHERE THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN SIR C. WARREN AND PRESIDENT KRUGER WAS HELD

WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN IN BECHUANALAND
FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY OFFICERS



LIEUTENANT W. B. ASKWITH, R.E.
Killed at Suakim by the Accidental Explosion of a Mine,
Feb 27

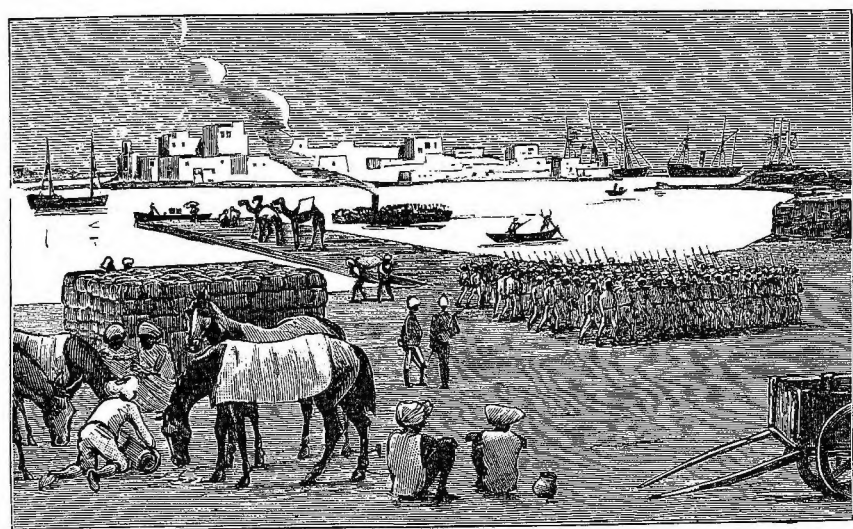


MONTAGUE H. M. SEYMOUR, R.N.
1st Lieutenant H.M.S. "Dolphin"
Killed in the Fight at Baker's Zeriba, March 22

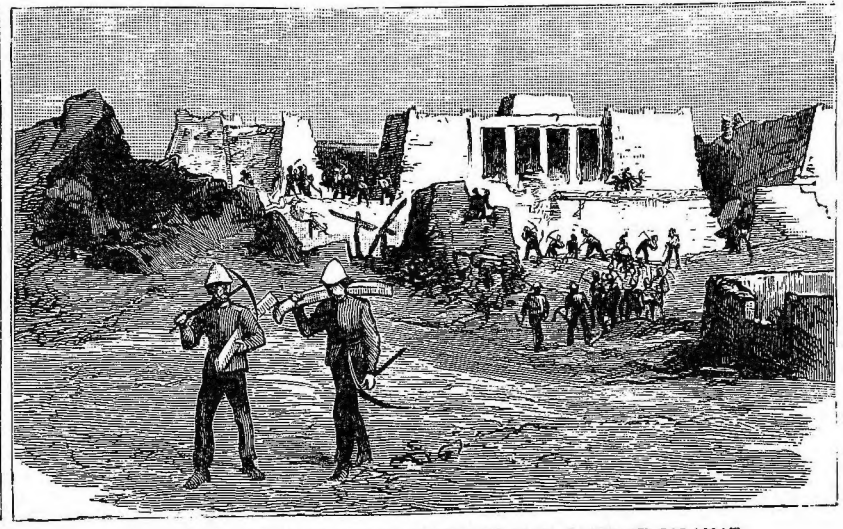


CAPTAIN MAXIMILIAN D. D. DALISON, SCOTS GUARDS
Killed in the Fight at Hasheen, Near Suakim, March 29

PORTRAITS OF OFFICERS KILLED IN THE RECENT FIGHTING NEAR SUAKIM



LANDING OF THE FIFTEENTH SIKHS AT SUAKIM, MARCH 3



DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE OF SULEIMAN WAD GAMR AT SALAMAT

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY OFFICERS



Preparation

Enjoyment

Collapse

Vengeance!

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAVELLER IN AN INDIAN COUNTRY CART



A LADIES' SKETCHING CLUB

PEOPLE of other professions who are chained to desks, or, at any rate, forced to stay indoors, however lovely the weather may be, are wont to feel rather envious of the artist *genius*, who manage to do a large part of their work out of doors, and, as a rule, amid the most charming surroundings. Of course they have their grievances, in the shape of pestering flies and midges, of gaping rustics, and of intrusive cattle, who, as we showed pictorially not many months ago, sometimes fancy that the painter's mimic landscape is good to eat—a novel species of ensilage, in fact. Still, the fact remains that the artist's lot is distinctly a happy one. Then he himself forms a picturesque figure in the landscape, worthy of being sketched, even though he be a dishevelled old gentleman, under a faded green umbrella, with a highly-coloured meerschaum pipe between his teeth. But how much more does the chance wayfarer long to possess the sketching faculty when he comes unexpectedly on such a fairy bevy as Mr. Arthur Hopkins has here depicted! We have seen such groups on balmy summer afternoons in retired nooks of Hampstead Heath, but we must confess that loveliness was not invariably such an all-predominant quality as it is here. However, we shall not quarrel with Mr. Hopkins. He has very graciously given us a group of selected specimens; in short, his picture practically illustrates the phrase, "the survival of the fittest." Plain faces are banished. Beauty alone remains. This (in a picture, be it observed) is as it should be.

WITH SIR C. WARREN'S FORCE IN BECHUANALAND

"Since last I wrote," says Captain S. G. Grant, "we have changed quarters from Barkly to Taungs. Barkly was becoming quite civilised when I left, there was a circus and a music hall, and this latter is going to follow the expedition into the heart of Bechuanaland. We had several visitors in camp; a good many Dutchmen came to see the guns, as none have been seen in this part of the world before. It is a bad camp for the 800 or 1,000 oxen we have to keep for transport, as there is little grass, consequently a good many died, and the camp quartermaster had his time filled up burying them. Trekking up country, I was rather unfortunate, as the tire came off the wheel of a waggon, and I had to off-load and leave it to its fate. The midnight visitors were among the incidents of the journey.

"Sir C. Warren is very particular about liquor. None is allowed in camp. The police search most carts coming in, and all along the line of march the storekeepers are prohibited selling any. All the liquor in camp was purchased the other day and buried, and a sentry posted over it. Perhaps, on the whole, it is a good thing, but one feels the want of a glass of beer sadly. We get a ration of rum three days a week, but, being 'Cape smoke,' it is so nasty few care to drink it.

"The village of Taungs is a cluster of queerly-built huts of wood, cow-dung, and thatch. King Mankoranne lives and governs his people there. They are an idle lot, and do but little work, though some of them have mealie gardens and a few goats. The King came to visit the camp the other day. He looks something like a superior native waggon-driver; his clothes are rather the worse for wear, and he is fond of the bottle. His escort was a crew of tatterdemalions, with guns slung across their shoulders, though they canter along with quite a majestic air. We have at last had a good day's rain, though the results were rather disastrous to our arrangements for drawing water. When all the troops have passed up to the front, the Royal Scots will remain and garrison the police camp, which is being fortified for that purpose."

LIEUTENANT W. B. ASKWITH

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM BAYNE ASKWITH, Royal Engineers, who was killed by the accidental explosion of a mine at Suakim on the 27th of February, was the eldest son of General W. H. Askwith, Royal Artillery. He was born on the 22nd of December, 1858, was educated at Marlborough College, and received his commission on the 9th October, 1877. He served for three years at Gibraltar, and for some months at Sir W. Armstrong's Works, Elswick. He was sent to Suakim in July, 1884, and was employed with other officers in building the piers and laying the railway to facilitate the landing of troops and stores. At the time of his death he was specially charged with the mining operations rendered necessary by the nightly destruction of the works by the Arabs. He was remarkable for his zeal and activity, and his loss is greatly to be regretted.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, 220, Regent Street, W.

LIEUTENANT SEYMOUR, R.N.

LIEUTENANT MONTAGU H. M. SEYMOUR (formerly Gruggen), R.N., who was killed in the attack on Sir John McNeill's zeriba, near Suakim, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 22nd, held the commission of H.M.S. *Dolphin*, and had seen many years' service. He had been successively midshipman of the *Triumph* in the Channel Squadron; sub-lieutenant of the *Antelope* in the Mediterranean; and Senior Lieutenant of the *Dwarf*. He joined the *Dolphin* in May last, and was gazetted to a lieutenancy in August, 1878.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. N. Maiby, 68, East Street, Chichester.

CAPTAIN DALISON

CAPTAIN MAXIMILIAN DUDLEY DIGGES DALISON, of the Scots Guards, who was killed at the Battle of Hasheen on March 20th, was the eldest son of Mr. Dalison, of Hamptons, in Kent, and Greetwell, Lincolnshire, by Matilda, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Alexander, Prebendary of Derry Cathedral. Captain Dalison was born in February, 1852, and in October, 1875, married Grace, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Beresford Peirce, of Bedale, grand-daughter of Admiral Sir John J. Beresford, Bart. He came from an ancient stock of cavaliers and loyal gentlemen; his ancestor, Sir Thomas Dalison, Bart., fell under the Royal banner at Naseby in 1645, when the title became extinct in the confusion of the time. He was closely connected with the families of Hammond, of St. Alban's Court, Shaw, and Monson. Captain Dalison was well known for his devotion to his profession. He acted on the staff at Hythe for five years as Lieutenant-Instructor of Musketry. He was a soldier of high courage and splendid physique, and will be long missed and mourned, not only by his own family, but by the service of which he was an ornament and the comrades to whom he was dear.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover and Folkestone.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

COLONEL THE HON. REGINALD TALBOT'S CONVOY OF WOUNDED ATTACKED IN THE BAYUDA DESERT

"On the 12th of January," writes our artist, Mr. F. Villiers, "General Buller arrived at Gubat, and immediately the evacuation commenced, the wounded being the first to be sent off. This convoy

left on the 13th, and marched about eleven miles, and halted for the night. The next morning, the 14th, just after breakfast, and when the troops were ready to march, an attack was made by Arabs who were *en route* to reinforce Metemeh. Flanking parties were immediately thrown out to protect our column, and skirmished against the enemy in the bush, the Heavies eventually forming square on the right front of the column. Fortunately, about this time Colonel Stanley Clark and the Light Camel Corps, *en route* for Gubat, arrived on the scene. At first the escort of the wounded took them also for the enemy, and blazed away at the Lights, but eventually the mistake was found out, the enemy retiring at the sight of this unexpected reinforcement. Our columns went on their respective ways, and arrived at their destinations without any further molestation."

DESTRUCTION OF SULEIMAN GAMR'S HOUSE

THIS sketch, by a military officer, represents the destruction by our troops of the house of that treacherous chieftain Suleiman, who murdered Colonel Hamill Stewart and his companions at Solamat. Stewart, when he found that his steamer was hopelessly aground, had requested Suleiman to provide him with camels, and in answer to an invitation to come ashore and take coffee, had, with Mr. Power, M. Herbin, the interpreter, the captain of the steamer, and one soldier entered Suleiman's house. They sat down, and were eating dates when, on Suleiman leaving the room, a number of men rushed in and shouted to them to surrender. Stewart appears to have given up a small pistol, and to have asked what they wanted, upon which they struck at the Consul with a sword. Stewart was set upon at the same time, and, with his companions, was eventually overpowered and cut down. Suleiman then attacked Stewart's men, killing some thirty, and taking thirteen prisoners. When General Earle's force took possession of Suleiman's house, they found numerous relics of Colonel Stewart in the form of telegrams, and papers, together with a pair of spurs and a portmanteau.

ARRIVAL OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT AT SUAKIM

THIS sketch needs little description. Last week we illustrated the final inspection of the Indian troops, at Allahabad, before their departure for the Soudan. Now we depict their arrival at Suakim and the landing of the 15th Sikhs, on March 3rd, when their appearance in their homely Khakee uniform was hailed with general satisfaction, while no little curiosity was excited by the curious quiffs they wore in their turbans, and which at close quarters form deadly weapons against an enemy.

EXPERIENCES IN AN INDIAN COUNTRY CART

WHETHER the fault arises from poverty, from ignorance, from natural incapacity, or from a mixture of all three, we will not venture to decide; but the fact remains that the native-made and native owned vehicles of India are, for the most part, sorry affairs. Everybody who has set foot in Calcutta knows the *keranchi*, which looks—only it is far more rickety and ramshackle—like a survival of the London hackney coach of Mr. Pickwick's day, and is, like it, drawn by a pair of horses, if we may apply the noble name of horse to a brace of miserable, half-starved, sore-backed "tits." Yet into and outside of this precarious conveyance as many passengers will clamber as can find sitting or standing room. Then there is the hackery or native waggon, drawn by a long-suffering bullock with hideous sores on his carcase, and emitting from the wheels a music which is decidedly not Wagnerian, and which indeed would drive anybody who was not a stolid Hindoo out of his seven senses. Then there is the carriage here depicted, which is a sort of cross between the agricultural cart and the metropolitan vehicle. Into this, as our artist, Mr. W. H. Deakin, of Calcutta, shows, an unsuspecting Englishman enters with his luggage. But presently the axle-tree breaks, or some similar mishap occurs, so that everything goes to immortal smash. The last scene shows the proprietor deprecating the vengeance of his fare. Fancy a London cabman after a similar catastrophe in a similar attitude! It is just because of this abject fear of the wrath of the Feringhee that a handful of Europeans can hold India.

HOISTING THE UNION JACK AT VRYBURG, BECHUANALAND

SIR CHARLES WARREN arrived at Vryburg on the evening of February 7th from Taungs, forty miles distant, accompanied by his staff and an escort of one squadron of the 6th Dragoons (Inniskillings). An officer, who is a member of Sir C. Warren's staff, thus describes the incident of which he has sent us a sketch:—

"The sun was just setting as we got in, and considerable haste was required in order to fix up the flag-pole (made out of two telegraph-poles fastened together) before the sun had set, immediately after which, of course, flags are hauled down.

"However, we managed to run it up just in time, and it floated for about a minute before the sun disappeared behind a low range of hills. A small crowd of the inhabitants, including some of the blacks, witnessed the incident.

"The camp was pitched on the slope of the hill which runs round the town. The town itself, which lies in the hollow below, consists of about forty houses, built of red mud and of the simplest architectural form, but there are a few stores of corrugated iron."

SOME NOTES FROM ABYSSINIA

See page 335

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY

See page 336

"CHRIST AT THE COLUMN"

THE large picture by Velasquez, presented to the National Gallery some time since by Sir John Savile Lumley, is a characteristic and interesting example of his manner of treating Scriptural subjects. It belongs to an early period of his career, and was probably painted during his long sojourn in Italy. It bears some resemblance to the work of Caravaggio, whose realistic and forcible style greatly influenced him for a time. Although the elevation of sentiment that distinguishes the work of the greatest Italian religious painters is absent, the subject is conceived in a serious spirit. The figure of Christ, who, with his hands bound to a stone pillar is sitting on the ground, is not without dignity; and the pitying angel standing beside him is earnest in expression. The figures are well drawn, and painted with great solidity and firmness, but without the easy mastery Velasquez afterwards acquired. Technically considered, the best points in the picture are the left arm of Christ and the head of the child kneeling in the foreground. The work is in a good state of preservation, and there can be little doubt as to its authenticity.

"BOOTLES' BABY"

A NOVELETTE by J. S. Winter, illustrated by W. Ralston, is continued on page 341.

A TRIP ON COAST-GUARD DUTY ALONG THE COAST OF EGYPT

MR. ARTHUR C. MIDDLEMASS, Lieutenant R.N., Inspector-in-Chief, Coast Guard, Alexandria, writes thus:—"The sketches from which these illustrations are engraved were made during a ride on coastguard duty from Alexandria to Port Said, which, although for the greater part along a desert sandy

shore, was not without interest. On the way to Rosetta I had occasion to search the huts of a noted Greek smuggler, who appeared surrounded by his Albanian dogs, large fierce beasts, one of which had to be shot on flying at us. At Rosetta we had some difficulty in getting the horses and camels across the Nile in the native boats, but after several crossings of the mouths of the river and entrances to lakes, the animals understood what was expected of them. The 'common objects of the seashore' were numerous pelicans, flamingoes (the borders of the lakes being close to the sea), large jelly fish (to the grief of one of my men), dead bullocks, camels, &c., which were by no means odoriferous.

"About Lake Brulos there are numerous wild boars; and when we have time to organise and work a club I hope to send you a few pigsticking sketches—a novelty in Egypt.

"Many miles from any village we came across parties of native fishers, with their donkeys in attendance. They have an ingenious method of collecting the large quantities of cockles from under the sand by means of an iron scoop and a net behind, from which the sand is washed, leaving the cockles. The smuggling of hashish, &c., is carried on afloat principally by Greeks, who either attempt to land their cargoes near the towns, or transfer them to Bedouin caravans in the desert for transport up to the villages. These Bedouins also smuggle gunpowder and arms (for the Soudan, &c.) on the 200 miles of desert coast to the west of Alexandria, taking it up country by circuitous caravan routes. In the present economical times it is not easy to defend the large extent of uninhabited coast, a considerable force being required, as neither Bedouins nor Greeks scruple to show fight when the odds are strongly in their favour (as is always the case), and they have a large cargo at stake."

A NOVEL PONY RACE AT SIMLA

SEVERAL improvements have recently been effected at Simla. Among others, the wretched little cricket ground has been enlarged, and re-formed into an excellent racecourse. A new pavilion and a grand stand are being erected, and when the proposed gardens and other amenities are completed this will form a very popular and picturesque resort.

A succession of weekly *Gymkhanas* has been held, and at one of these Lord William Beresford, who, by the way, has been the heart and soul of the above-mentioned improvements, rode (if that is the right word) a most spirited and exciting race with Captain Rochfort, A.D.C. Each competitor rode one pony and drove four others. This to Lord William is a small matter, as he may frequently be seen giving his ponies their exercise by taking eight of them over hurdles, riding one himself and driving the remainder. We commend this new form of racing to sportsmen. They will soon find that on a course with corners and doubles they have indeed a handful to deal with.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Captain B. Powell, 13th Hussars.



THE TURF.—The opening week of the flat season of 1885 will long be remembered for the victories of two hot first favourites, Bendigo in the Lincolnshire Handicap and Roquefort in the Grand National. The latter had something to spare at the finish, though Frigate, who ran second, as she did last year, made a gallant fight of it. The race was run at a great pace, and the casualties were numerous, though the course was certainly easier than on any previous occasion. Mr. E. P. Wilson, who rode Roquefort, also steered Voluptuary to victory last year.

AQUATICS.—Those interested in the great race between Oxford and Cambridge last week have read and re-read the account of it perhaps several times. Suffice it to say that it resulted in accordance with the general belief that Oxford would pull through, as indeed they did with comparative ease, though up to the end of Chiswick Eyot Cambridge made apparently a good race with them. The official verdict in favour of the Dark Blues was three lengths. Oxford have now won twenty-three races against eighteen of Cambridge.—Beach has won the sculling match against Hanlan on the Paramatta River, beating him easily by many lengths. As this is the second time the Canadian has been beaten by the Australian, it must be presumed that the latter is now the best sculler in the world. Perhaps Teemer, the young American, who has twice beaten Wallace Ross, may be inclined to measure himself with Beach. It is said that Beach contemplates a visit to this country, and that an attempt will be made to get Teemer to row him on the Thames.

FOOTBALL.—Queen's Park, by defeating Notts Forest at Edinburgh, has won the distinction of playing the final game for the Association Challenge Cup with the Blackburn Rovers. The match will take place at the Oval on Saturday, April 4th, commencing at 3.30 P.M.

LACROSSE.—In the annual match the North has again proved itself superior to the South.

ATHLETICS.—At Lillie Bridge Oxford won five and a-half of the events, against three and a-half scored by Cambridge, the Light Blues not fulfilling the expectations formed of them.

CRICKET.—At the Antipodes Shaw's Eleven have had another contest with a representative Australian team, which they beat by an innings and 97 runs.

CYCLING.—A race for the International Bicycle Championship of Twenty Miles was run at the Grounds, Belgrave Road, Leicester, on Saturday. The stakes were a gold chronometer, with 25% added. The following English and French riders started:—F. De Civy (Champion of Paris), H. O. Duncan (Montpellier, France), R. Howell (Wolverhampton), 50 Miles Champion; F. J. Lees (Sheffield), 100 Miles Champion; F. Battersby (Newcastle), 25 Miles Champion; A. Hawker (Leicester), J. Cleminson (Newcastle), J. Birt and J. Grove (Northampton), and A. G. Newton (Wolverhampton). Rounding the bend the last time for home, the Sheffield man made a magnificent effort, and gained rapidly on the leading man. Duncan also made a fine rush, but he failed to stay, and Lees just succeeded in getting on level terms with Howell, an exciting race thus ending in a dead heat; Duncan third. Time, 1 h. 5 m. 55 sec. Howell and Lees were loudly cheered.

RINKING.—Rink skating is among the things of the past in England. A few years ago the young women of the country, and to a less extent the young men, went wild over it. The *furore* was, however, as brief as are other vagaries of fashion; the enthusiasm died away, the rinks were deserted, the investors lost their money, and roller skates disappeared in the land. Just at present it has become the rage in the United States, and is followed with an ardour equal to that with which over eight years ago it was pursued here. The flirting, however, which, as every one knows, is an essential part of skating, as it was of croquet, and is of lawn tennis—except, of course, among the highly-scientific section of players—has offended many of the "unco' guid" in the States, and Dr. D. Downs has introduced a Bill into the Legislature of the State of Minnesota providing that males and females shall not be allowed to use, or occupy at the same time, any of the skating rinks in that State. It is not thought that the Bill will pass, but it is agreed on all hands that if it does so it will put a summary end to skating in Minnesota.



RESPONDING TO A REQUEST from the Executive Committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association for his opinion on the Russo-Afghan Boundary dispute, M. de Martens, Professor of International Law in the University of St. Petersburg, has indited a long letter, expressing his belief that there will be no war between this country and Russia. At the same time he holds England responsible for the Afghan occupation of P'enjdeh, to which, he professes to be convinced, our Government will put an end, and then the work of the Boundary Commission can begin.

THE GOVERNMENT are acting with vigour in the spirit of the maxim which declares preparation for war to be the best means of securing peace. Besides the 15,000 men to be added to the army in view of the operations in Egypt, another 15,000 will be required to take the place of that number of troops to be despatched to India in consequence of the Russo-Afghan Boundary dispute. Accordingly a Royal proclamation has been issued authorising the calling out of the Army Reserve and the Militia Reserve. The last returns give the strength of the Army Reserve at 39,244 and of the Militia Reserve at 30,813, a total of 70,057 men. But particulars respecting the classes of the Reservists to be called out are withheld for the time being, while negotiations between our Government and that of Russia are pending. Regulations, however, have been issued for the mobilisation of the First Class Army Reserve for permanent service. They include arrangements for giving the utmost possible publicity to the terms granted and to the facilities of transit offered to Reservists rejoining the colours.

NAVAL PREPARATIONS for possible hostilities are also being made on an extensive scale. Immediately after the last meeting of the Cabinet instructions were simultaneously despatched to all the dockyards to put in a sea-going condition for active service the men-of-war in the first division of the steam reserves. The considerable fleet thus being improvised includes a flotilla of gunboats and another of torpedo boats. The difficulty of manning the vessels now being placed in commission will probably have to be surmounted by a recourse to the Naval Reserve. Information having been received that Russia had made overtures to the British owners of fast steamships for their purchase, our Government are utilising the mercantile marine in order to increase the naval strength of the country for fighting and transport purposes. Among the vessels already secured by the Admiralty are the *Etruria* and the *Oregon*, the former lately built by Mr. John Elder, and both of them among the largest and fastest of the Cunard liners.

THE "MERSEY," the first of the fast "protected cruiser" class of vessels built in a Government yard, was launched successfully at Chatham Dockyard on Tuesday. Powerful for attack, the *Mersey* is externally unarmoured, but all her vital parts—engines, boilers, magazines, and steering apparatus, are enclosed within a steel hull, so that the upper and main decks might be demolished by the enemy without affecting the stability and propelling power of the vessel.

THE PRESSING EMERGENCIES OF THE MILITARY SITUATION invest with special interest the lecture on "Recruiting," recently delivered by Colonel Moody, of the Recruiting Service, under the presidency of General Sir Andrew Clarke, Inspector-General of Fortifications. All the efforts, the lecturer said, of successive War Ministers had failed to attract "men" to the ranks, and the boys who formed the great bulk of the recruits were not of the stamp to develop into the type of the best British soldier. The direct cost of the desertions alone was 350,000*l.* a year, and in addition we had to keep some 5,000 men in prison, and pay people to look after them. Colonel Moody thought what was wanted to bring the Army into harmony with the sentiments of the people was to make it a kind of national training school instead of, as it virtually was now, a kind of national reformatory. One mode of effecting this change was to exact a character with every recruit, so as to keep the costly prison-bird out of the ranks. He also pointed out several ways—an increase of pay was not among them—such as a provision of better food and improved barrack accommodation, by which the service might be rendered attractive to a good class of men.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WEEK the Lord Mayor had received more than 12,000*l.* for the Gordon National Memorial Fund.

A NUMBER OF SUB-COMMITTEES, with ladies of rank or position for their office-bearers, are being affiliated throughout the country to the Princess of Wales's Branch of the National Aid Society, the object of which is to furnish our soldiers in the Soudan with comforts not supplied by the War Office.

THE APPEAL MADE TO THE PUBLIC by Lady Brassey to supply our soldiers and sailors in Egypt and the Soudan with books, newspapers, and periodicals, has received so ample a response that to carry on the work additional premises have been taken at No. 213, Ebury Street, S.W., to which contributions of the kind should henceforth be addressed.

THE NUMBER OF VOLUNTEERS who are to take part in the march past on Brighton Downs next Monday will be less by some 3,500 than the force assembled there in 1883. The diminution is to be ascribed simply to the circumstance that eight of the fifty-seven corps who went to Brighton in the earlier year go this to Dover, Portsmouth, Aldershot, or elsewhere. Compared with that which took part in the march to Brighton in 1883, the volunteer force of this year, which is performing the same march, shows an increase of 1,200 officers and men. Presiding and speaking at the annual meeting of the Berkshire Rifle Association, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay complained of the continued absence of such necessary requirements for the march to Brighton, unless provided by the men at their own expense, as water bottles, great coats, and mattresses. No arrangements, he further pointed out, had been made for carrying ammunition, or for providing it in the field. He suggested that after the Review a statement of all deficiencies should be made to the authorities with the view of having them obviated in future, and that an additional capitation grant should be given to every volunteer who had made himself efficient in shooting and drill.

AT A RECENT CONSULTATION with Revising Barristers, to arrange for the holding of Revision Courts under the Franchise and Seats Bills, the Attorney-General intimated that the Government intended to go to the country about the 15th of next November.

AFTER A PRIVATE CONFERENCE with the Provisional Council of the Liberal Association of the Borough of Hampstead, to be created by the Seats Bill, and having seemingly been subjected to a good deal of what his countrymen style "heckling," the Marquis of Lorne was accepted as Liberal candidate for the new borough.

MR. GOSCHEN has consented to become a candidate for the representation of the new North-Eastern Division of Edinburgh.

SIR WILLIAM JENNER has been elected for the fifth time President of the Royal College of Physicians.

THAT MOST USEFUL BODY THE METROPOLITAN PUBLIC GARDEN ASSOCIATION is raising a special fund to give work to the unemployed of London in laying out open spaces for public use and recreation. Donations will be received by Lord Brabazon.

83, Lancaster Gate. Among the areas in which operations are to be commenced forthwith is the garden in Red Lion Square, Holborn, containing more than an acre of ground.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his fifty-sixth year, of Colonel G. P. Prevost, Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Home District, who served with much distinction before Sebastopol, and at the siege and capture of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny; in his sixty-sixth year, of Major-General Sir A. H. Freeling, late Colonel R.E., brother of Sir Sanford Freeling, Governor of Trinidad; at the early age of thirty-nine, of Dr. Morrison Watson, the distinguished Professor of Anatomy in Owens College, Manchester, who was last year elected an F.R.S. in recognition of his contributions to anatomical science; in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. Alan Ker, a Puisne Judge of Jamaica; of Captain T. J. Perry, of the Highfield Works, Bilston, near Wolverhampton, a mechanical engineer of a high order, distinguished by his improvement and construction of iron-making machinery; in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. George Candelet, Parliamentary Agent of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League, and for nearly thirty years Secretary of the Manchester Licensed Victuallers' Association; and, in his sixty-sixth year, at Rome, after a fortnight's illness, of Mr. H. A. J. Munro, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the most distinguished of our classical scholars—best known as the editor and translator of the great poem of Lucretius.



THE FRENCH GALLERY

THE high standard of merit established by a long series of exhibitions at the French Gallery is fairly maintained by that just opened. Like its immediate predecessors, it consists mainly of German pictures, but there are a few examples of the French school that add greatly to its attractiveness. The first we meet with, and in some respects the best, is M. Meissonier's little picture of a trooper of the last century indulging in a "Stirrup Cup" before mounting his horse. Painted about twenty years ago, it is in the master's best manner, combining largeness of style with completeness of detail and finished workmanship. M. Gérôme, in his picture "Botzaris," has lavished much art and a vast amount of labour on an uninteresting subject. It displays, however, his accustomed accuracy of design and completeness of realisation. "Hush!—Le Curé Dort," strikes us as the most artistic and the best of many pictures by M. V. Chevallier, illustrating the humorous side of clerical life, that have appeared here. The curé, who is placidly sleeping after his dinner, is a capital study of character, and the thoughtful serving maid who is shutting the door on an importunate visitor is equally good. The works by deceased painters include a good example of Corot's late and vaporous style, "Eventide," and an excellent little study of forest scenery by N. Diaz.

The largest picture in the room is by an Hungarian painter, Imre Révész, perhaps a pupil and certainly an imitator of Munkácsy. It is entitled "Sándor Petöfi," and represents the young poet and patriot reciting to a party of Hungarian peasants in a tavern. The figures are varied in character and expression, but the picture shows many crudities of style. The shadows are black and impenetrable, and the handling coarse. Quite as animated in design as this, and showing a much greater amount of technical accomplishment, is the large picture of Serbian peasants listening to a blind minstrel singing "The Song of Scanderbeg," on the opposite wall. It is by P. Joanowitz, a pupil of Professor L. C. Müller, of Vienna, and in executive method greatly resembles that artist's work. The figures are full of vitality, and admirably grouped, and the colour throughout the picture of good quality. Professor Müller is well represented by a life-like and finely-modelled head of an Arab boy, "Toujours Gai," and a very picturesque street scene in Cairo, with many animated and characteristic figures illumined by the fierce light of the midday sun. The picture is strikingly true in local colour, and every part of it is painted with extraordinary realistic force. D. Skutetzky's "Mia Figlia, Signor," in which an artist seated at his easel is seen listening to an old Italian, who with abundant gesture is descanting on the merits of his very robust daughter, shows much skill in characterisation and some humour, together with competent executive skill.

C. Seiler's group, "A Painter and His Patrons," is a marvel of minute and dexterous manipulation; but there is more vitality in his little picture of a gentleman and his lawyer poring over a document, "A Flaw in the Deed," and it is quite as well painted. A very small picture of Dominican monks playing the violoncello, "A Trio of Palestrina," by E. Mayr Graz, is distinguished by beauty of colour and composition as well as rare executive skill. Besides some smaller works of less merit, Karl Heffner has a large view of "The Bay of Baïre, near Naples," more suggestive of space and air than anything we have seen by him, and painted in a broader style. Among the remaining works are a capital study of a picturesque "Eastern Courtyard," by A. Pasini; several delicately-painted little pastoral pictures, by G. von Bochmann, and landscapes in their accustomed styles by A. Windmaier, R. von Poshinger, and A. Wahlberg.

MR. MACLEAN'S GALLERY

THE collection of English and foreign pictures at Mr. T. Maclean's gallery is not particularly interesting. Some of them have been seen before, and of the rest a few are disappointing. Mr. Millais' life-sized figure of a little girl, with strawberries in her hands, looking at butterflies, called "Perfect Bliss," for instance, seems to us one of the least estimable of his numerous pictures of children. There is some good painting in the face, but its expression certainly does not justify the title of the picture. The draperies are vague and formless, and as well as the landscape background are painted in a loose and careless manner. G. Bauerfeind's large picture of "A Street in Jerusalem," with many figures, is broadly painted and effective, but the shadows are too black and the handling rather harsh. M. C. Jacquet's portrait of a lady with a palette and brushes in her hand, "The Student," is sounder in style than his accustomed work, and less meretricious in colour. The face is full of expression, and its delicate contours are firmly modelled. The picture by Josef Israels of an aged Dutch peasant, with his grandchild in his arms, called "Consolation," is entitled to the highest praise. We have seen nothing by this most sympathetic painter so artistically complete. In addition to its truth of character, its grave simplicity, and unaffected homely pathos, it is remarkable for its subtle beauty of colour and general harmony of effect. Every part of the picture bears its right relation to the rest, and though low in tone it is full of suffused light. Good landscapes by Mr. Leader, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. J. Syer, and Mr. Peter Graham are included in the collection, but they present no especial feature of novelty.

RAFAEL'S BIRTHDAY is religiously kept each year at Urbino, the Old Master's native place. Thus, on Saturday, the 402nd anniversary of Raphael's birth, the members of the Raphael Academy, the town authorities, and students went in procession to hang wreaths on Raphael's house, which belongs to the town, and contains the early works of the great painter.



A CREMATION CONGRESS is being held at Florence in order to place cremation upon a satisfactory legal footing throughout Italy.

THE BOMBAY INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, postponed from December next year, will be definitively opened in November, 1887.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY was to be closed on Thursday and Saturday of this week for cleaning purposes. The collection will be open to the public as usual on Easter Monday.

GERMAN COLONISTS IN WEST AFRICA have minutely examined the district of Angra Pequena for minerals, and find that the ground is rich in copper and lead, while traces are also visible of silver and gold.

MUSICAL CRITICISM IN GERMANY is no more free than dramatic censure in our own country. An unlucky Leipsic journalist has just been sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for styling the head of the Stettin Academy a "violin scraper."

THE AUSTRALASIAN POPULATION increases at the rate of nearly 110,000 souls yearly, according to *Engineering*, over 50,000 of this increase being due to immigration. The largest number of immigrants go to New South Wales and Queensland.

SOAP is the legal small cash current in many parts of Mexico, the New York *Christian Union* tells us. Small cakes of soap, like an ordinary biscuit, are stamped with the Government mark, and are worth one and a-half cents (about 1½*d.*) apiece. They serve a double end, as, provided the Government stamp is not obliterated, the soap cakes can be used for washing purposes first, and for money afterwards.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S PICTURES, DRAWINGS, AND SCULPTURE, left in the artist's studio at the time of his death, and now shown in the Doré Exhibition in Paris, will be sold by auction on April 10. They include fifty-four important works—historical scenes, landscapes, and mythological compositions—some hundred water-colours and sketches of London life, some highly interesting drawings on wood for the illustration of *Macbeth*, and the models of figures for Alexandre Dumas' monument.

GOOD FRIDAY BANQUETS, where ardent Freethinkers consume every possible delicacy forbidden by the Roman Catholic Church on that solemn day, have been a feature of past years among Paris Socialists. This year the Anti-Clerical League have organised a Good Friday ball, as an opportunity for indulging in a little extra profanity. Thus the programme announces that many of the vases, quadrilles, and polkas will be accompanied by hymns, and that at midnight an "authentic miracle will give the signal for the polka of the Sacred Heart."

HUGUENOT SOCIETY.—This year being the Bi-Centenary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when so many Protestants escaped from the persecutions in France, and formed an asylum in England, several gentlemen, descendants of the Huguenots, propose to establish a Huguenot Society in London. The object of the Association will be "to form a bond of fellowship among those who inherit or admire the characteristic Huguenot virtues, namely, the holding of a pure faith with true courage, and the habitual aim at a high standard in every work undertaken," and the interchange and publication of knowledge relating to the history, settlements, genealogy, heraldry, and registers of the Huguenots. The inauguration meeting will be held at the Criterion, Piccadilly, on the 15th instant at 8 p.m. The preliminary arrangements are being made by Mr. A. Giraud Browning, Hon. Sec. of the French Protestant Hospital, Victoria Park.

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week, and 1,734 deaths were registered against 1,678 during the previous seven days, a rise of 56, but being 140 below the average. There were 21 from small-pox (an increase of 2), 70 from measles (a rise of 17), 10 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 11 from diphtheria (a fall of 9), 55 from whooping-cough (a decline of 10), 1 from typhus fever, 7 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 6), and not one from cholera. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths, 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 15 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, and 9 of infants under 1 year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,537 births registered against 2,675 during the previous week, being 278 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 39.1 deg., and 3.3 deg. below the average. The duration of bright sunshine was 23.9 hours, against 30.6 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN, and so the new Democratic Administration of the United States is making a very clean sweep of sundry useless offices in the Government departments. Retrenchment is the order of the day, particularly at the White House in Washington, where President Cleveland ruthlessly cuts down all lavish expenditure. The first victim was the official who for eight years had cut out all newspaper comments on the Administration and pasted the extracts into scrap-books. The indiscriminate purchase of journals is stopped, as the President will only take those he thinks useful, and will pay for them himself. He will also keep his carriages at his own expense, and expects the members of the Cabinet to follow suit, a few official equipages being kept in case of absolute necessity. Talking of American Presidents, the Senate Office contains a curious autograph collection of all executive Presidential messages since the foundation of the Republic. None of the Presidents wrote well save Washington and Jefferson, and Washington's signature is in only a fair legible hand, without any attention to the details of penmanship.

THE ANTWERP INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION will be opened on May 2nd by the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the works are in a very fair state of progress. The building proper was finished some time ago, and the interior fittings are now being arranged, while the grand triumphal arch at the entrance is nearly complete. Crowned by a globe, and supported on either side by electric-light towers, the arch will bear the inscription "*A tous, la ville d'Anvers*," and on entering the building a splendid staircase will face the arch, whence visitors will take in the whole *coup d'œil* of the chief building. Antwerp herself is arranging a huge pyramid, to be composed of the products passing through her ports, while pictures will illustrate the development of her traffic within the last half century. There will be a grand display, too, of fishing material, inventions connected with navigation and life-saving apparatus, together with a huge aquarium, and a special Maritime Section in a dock communicating both with the Scheldt and the Exhibition. Here sham sea-fights will take place. Next to Belgium, France will be the most largely represented nation, the whole country taking great interest in the scheme. All the chief Gallic manufacturers have combined, more particularly the Lyons silk firms and the Rheims and Rouen woollen and cotton industries; wines will come from the Gironde; and the national manufactories of Sévres, the Gobelins, and Beauvais will send large collections. England occupies the fifth largest space amongst foreign countries. Warned by the experience of other cities in Exhibition times, Antwerp has appealed to her citizens to charge only moderate and fixed prices for the accommodation of visitors.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—AN ATTACK ON A CONVOY OF WOUNDED IN THE BAYUDA DESERT
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR F. VILLIERS



GENERAL GRAHAM has been making careful preparations for an advance in force upon Tamai, and has been strengthening and provisioning the three zeribas formed by Sir John McNeill's troops, which are to be utilised as a base of operation. Convoys have been daily despatched from Suakim with stores and water, and it is worthy of note that while at first the Arabs renewed their attacks upon the passing troops, they have more lately left them unmolested. Great precautions have been taken in the zeribas against any repetition of the stampede of Monday week, and a ditch has been dug and an earthen parapet constructed round the middle zeriba, where the stores and transport animals have been placed. The troops man the outer zeribas, in one of which a rough wooden tower has been erected, whence may be obtained a capital view of the surrounding country. On Tuesday there was a rumour that Osman Digma had retired from his position into the bush, and this report was confirmed by special spies, who declared that the road to Tamai and Hasheen was now open. Strong cavalry detachments were at once sent out to reconnoitre, and the work on the railway was resumed. The intense heat, and the fatigue entailed by convoy work, has greatly added to the sick list, and, including the wounded, there are now about 500 invalids in General Graham's force. Two hundred of these, however, have been sent back to England in the *Pembroke Castle*. The Australian contingent arrived on Sunday. On landing they were met by General Graham, who, addressing their commander, Colonel Richardson, warmly welcomed the little force, and declared that he honoured the feeling which led them to leave their pleasant homes and war against the desert and its savage inhabitants. "You are soldiers as well as Englishmen," he continued, "and will cheerfully submit to the privations and severe discipline necessary for the safety of an army in the field. The eyes of our common country, of the whole English world, are on you, and I am sure that you will do credit to the splendid colony to which you belong." The Australians also received an enthusiastic ovation from the troops in camp. They are described as men of particularly fine physique, and looked particularly smart in their scarlet uniform, which they now, however, have exchanged for the more useful khaki. On Monday the Australian artillerymen arrived, and on Tuesday the whole contingent was reviewed by General Graham.

There is little of interest from the Nile force. Lord Wolseley has left Dongola for Wady Halfa, on his way to Cairo, whither he has been ordered, it is supposed, in the event of his services being required should hostilities break out with Russia. Prince Hassan will await him at Wady Halfa, and will then probably continue his southward journey to Dongola.

There has been some little difficulty in inducing the Sultan to sign the Egyptian Financial Convention, and to issue a firman for the new loan. He at first sturdily refused to do anything of the kind, alleging that the document contained several distinct infringements of his sovereign rights. For once, however, the British Government put its foot firmly down, and in a species of ultimatum intimated that unless the Sultan yielded Egypt would at once cease to form an integral part of the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan then gave way and signed the firman for the loan, but declined to sign the actual Convention, as it would imply a recognition of the bombardment of Alexandria, and thus create a bad impression throughout Mussulman circles. England accepted this compromise, and it is now stated that a more friendly feeling has been established between the Porte and England, and that the former has definitively declined the Russian overtures for an alliance, as also to enter into any engagement to remain neutral should hostilities break out between that Power and Great Britain.

Our relations with RUSSIA have apparently undergone no change, though the Czar's Government have now despatched a reply to Lord Granville's Note, and this is generally reported to be of a conciliatory character. Our armaments have created a somewhat disagreeable surprise at St. Petersburg, where all rumours of Russian movements in Central Asia are denied, notwithstanding more trustworthy information points to an important concentration of troops on the Afghan border. A sneering tone is still adopted towards England, who is asked "How a people, whose troops and generals have the experience of Abu Klea, Tamenieb, Hasheen, and the unsuccessful expedition to Khartoum behind them, can assume such a warlike attitude towards a military State." A pamphlet, "Hands Off," has also been issued, describing the English as grasping tyrants, and the Russians as the real civilising Power, and declaring that the English must be driven out of India. The British military preparations have naturally attracted the attention of all European nations, and Germany and Austria are beginning to believe that at last England is in earnest, and is prepared to fight. The universal opinion, however, is that war will be averted. Thus, the *Cologne Gazette*, while acknowledging that England is preparing to meet all contingencies, and expressing the opinion that she is only "discharging a duty to herself when, by the tremendous din of her armaments, she reminds the world that the British Empire is not to be treated in territorial questions as though she were another Turkey," adds, "the danger of hostilities is not imminent, for England is only preparing for war the better to avoid it." The Austrian journals are much of the same mind; but warn Russia to believe that England is in earnest, and the war party to reckon the cost of breaking the peace.

IN INDIA the Ameer of Afghanistan met Lord Dufferin at Rawul Pindi on Tuesday. The Ameer on his arrival at Ali Musjid on Saturday found an urgent telegram from the Viceroy, who had arrived at Rawul Pindi the previous day, pressing him to come on to Rawul Pindi without delay, in consequence of the strained political situation. Though suffering from an attack of gout he pressed forward at once to Peshawar. He has been escorted from the British frontier in state by a British force, and was received at Rawul Pindi with Royal honours, though the impressiveness of the ceremony was considerably marred by heavy rains. He is described as a heavy stout man, full of conversation. He prides himself on his powers of organisation, on his varied travels, and extensive knowledge thus acquired. He appears extremely self-reliant. He notices everything, and makes very pertinent remarks. In the evening the Ameer paid the Viceroy a private visit, and it is considered that there is every probability of a good understanding being arrived at. Owing to the heavy rains the durbars which was to have been held on Wednesday was postponed for a day or so. Meanwhile, amid all the festivities, the war preparations are being steadily carried on; regiments amounting to 25,000 men have been warned to hold themselves in readiness for field service, and other levies are being rapidly placed on a war footing. The prospect of the war is essentially popular throughout India, and in the excitement the ultra native journals are becoming loyal. The native Princes continue to offer their troops, and even to lead them in person; while the Nizam's political secretary has published a letter denying that India looks upon Russia as a liberator. "No, most emphatically no," he continued; "Russia's rule means not only imperialism, but despotism. Russian rule means the corruption of justice, the stifling of public

opinion, the tyranny and oppression of a bureaucracy and servile Courts of Justice. Russia may introduce comparative civilisation in Khiva and Bokhara. To such countries her rule may mean progress; in India it would mean retrogression." Up to last advices Sir Peter Lumsden and his colleagues of the Boundary Commission were all well. They had finished their preliminary labours, and had obtained a mass of information which would form the bases for the delimitation of the frontier. It is now rumoured that Persia is by no means so completely under Russian influence as generally believed, and that the Shah, like the Sultan, will not be willing to indulge in hostilities against England.

FRANCE has suffered a severe military defeat in Tonkin, and as usual in such cases has followed her usual policy of swapping horses when crossing a stream, and has dismissed the Cabinet from office. At the close of last week disquieting rumours as to the real condition of affairs at the seat of war were afloat, and these were corroborated by a despatch from General Négrier, who reported that he had advanced against the enemy on the 23rd, and had their first line of forts. Next day, however, he was met by a greatly superior force, and compelled to retire to Dong-Dong. This news created a great sensation, which was heightened on Sunday by a despatch from General Brière de l'Isle announcing that General de Négrier had been seriously wounded, and had been compelled to evacuate Lang Son, the Chinese having attacked Kilna (a fortified post in advance of Lang Son) in enormous masses. "The enemy continued to increase in number," he added, "but he hoped to defend the whole delta." Meanwhile he pressed the Government to send him immediate reinforcements. Upon the reception of the first despatch the Ministers were sharply interpellated in the Chamber on Saturday, and were attacked both by the Reactionaries and the Radicals, the latter being ably led by M. Clémenceau. M. Ferry, however, gained a nominal victory by carrying the "order of the day" by 273 against 227. No sooner had the second despatch been received than the public indignation burst all bounds, and it was manifest to all that M. Ferry and his colleagues were doomed men.

Nevertheless they braved the situation, and holding a Council at once took the necessary measures for sending out powerful reinforcements, and on Monday appeared in the Chamber to face their opponents. Meanwhile the Parisian populace had worked themselves into one of their periodical fits of angry excitement, and a crowd assembled outside the Palais de Justice clamouring "Down with Ferry!" and even "Death to Ferry!" Inside the House M. Ferry read the telegram amid an ominous silence, and at once demanded a war credit of 8,000,000*l.* In answer to heated recriminations, M. Ferry declared that the vote was in no way a vote of confidence, and if the "energetic policy to which we invite you be accepted by you in principle you can freely determine by a subsequent vote into whose hands you will confide its execution." He requested, therefore, that the matter should be dealt with at once, and be referred to the Bureaux for consideration. M. Clémenceau followed with a denunciation of the Cabinet as traitors guilty of high treason, and, while approving of the reinforcements, declared that France must have Ministers who speak the truth, and do not issue cooked and lying despatches. He therefore proposed to censure the Cabinet, a policy supported by M. Raoul Duval on behalf of the Reactionaries, and M. Ribot. M. Ferry, demanding that the Vote of Credit should be taken first, was defeated by 308 votes to 161, and then, seeing all was lost, announced his resignation, and left the House followed by his colleagues. The Bonapartists and Radicals then proposed to impeach the Ministry, but this was practically rejected, and then the Bureaux met to consider the proposed Military Vote, and the House meeting next day at once voted a preliminary sum of 2,000,000*l.* M. Grévy accepted M. Ferry's resignation, and sent for M. Brisson, but the latter, mindful of Gambetta's fate, declined to form a Cabinet, and the task was then entrusted to M. de Freycinet.

The revolt of half-breeds in CANADA, under the rebel Riel, is more serious than was at first thought, and a large force of troops is now being sent to crush the insurrection. The district affected is in the Saskatchewan territory, north-west of Winnipeg, where, it appears, Riel has organised a force of half-breeds (of mixed French Canadian and Indian descent), with supplies of cannon, rifles, and provisions. Thinking the possibility of a war between England and Russia a good opportunity for action, Riel, on Sunday week, urged his followers to assert their rights, and oppose the land surveying operations of the Canadian Government. Colonel Irvine, Commandant of Fort Carleton, in vain attempted to oppose the rebels, his force, under Major Crozier, was defeated with loss, and so, burning the fort, Col. Irvine retreated to Fort Prince Albert, on the road to Qu'Appelle, the nearest station on the Pacific Railway, and sent messages for reinforcements. The Canadian Government, acting with great promptitude, at once ordered up the first line of militia, to the extent of 1,500 men. These will be conveyed by train to Qu'Appelle, and thence will have to march a distance of 200 miles to Riel's quarters on Duck Lake. General Middleton, however, has asked for further reinforcements, and another force of 2,000 is being sent to the front. The news of the insurrection has naturally caused considerable excitement throughout Canada, and a movement to raise a force of volunteers has at once been set on foot. The revolt, however, is considered to be all the more serious as the Indians of File Hills' Reservation have joined the rebels, and entering Battleford have robbed the houses and threatened to murder the inhabitants. Crow Foot, however, the chief of the Blackfeet, the most important Indian tribe, has solemnly renewed his pledges of loyalty to Queen Victoria. The Fenians in the United States are promising assistance to the rebels. The troops will advance in two columns—one under General Middleton will move upon Riel by way of Prince Albert, while the other will move southwards so as to prevent the escape of the rebels into the United States.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from SPAIN that the Senate has agreed to the Anglo-Spanish *modus vivendi* by 118 to 18. Thus British imports will be accorded the most-favoured-nation treatment in May, provided that on their side the British Government will have modified the alcoholic scale.—GERMANY has been enthusiastically celebrating another birthday this week—that of Prince Bismarck, who has now attained his seventieth year.—IN DENMARK there is a very serious political crisis. No agreement can be come to between the two Houses on the Budget. The Crisis is very much the same as that which occurred last year in Norway. The King is trying to govern with a Conservative Ministry—an overwhelming majority of the Lower House being Radical. In this case, however, the Upper House supports the Ministry, which will now attempt to govern with a provisional Budget. Much anxiety prevails, and the troops are being confined to barracks.—IN ITALY the Pope has taken dire offence at the recent ceremony of laying the first stone of the monument to the late King Victor Emmanuel on the Capitol, and especially at the presence of the Foreign Diplomatic Body. A note has accordingly been addressed to the various Courts of Europe protesting against this action of their respective Ambassadors.—IN HUNGARY the Bill for the reform of the Upper House has been passed, and 21 Dukes, 242 Counts, and 285 Barons have been unseated because they pay less than the stipulated amount of yearly taxes.—IN THE UNITED STATES the prospect of an Anglo-Russian war is looked upon as likely to revive trade. General Grant is much worse, and is only expected to survive a few days.—IN CENTRAL AMERICA a Treaty of Alliance has been concluded between San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica against President Barrios' federation project, and the Presidents of Nicaragua

and San Salvador are marching upon President Barrios, who has invaded San Salvador. Mexico, also, is stated to be strongly irritated against Guatemala, so that President Barrios, with all his energy, has scanty chance of success.



THE Queen has left England for the Continent. Before starting, Her Majesty on Saturday commemorated the first anniversary of the Duke of Albany's death, visiting in the morning, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, the Royal vault containing the Duke's remains, and laying wreaths on the tomb, while subsequently the Royal party attended the evening Service at St. George's Chapel, where special funeral music was performed. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor also came down to Windsor, and after lunching with the Queen went to the Duke's tomb before returning to town. Lord Lorne arrived in the evening, when Prince and Princess Christian dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen with the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Canon Capel Cure preached. Princess Christian lunched with the Royal party, and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Her Majesty; while in the afternoon the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne left for town, and the Duchess of Albany and her children returned to Claremont. In the evening Lady Biddulph, the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple, and the Dean of Windsor dined with the Queen. On Monday morning Princess Louis of Battenberg was churching in the private chapel, and in the afternoon Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Louise and her baby started for Portsmouth, where the Queen and Princess Beatrice embarked on board the *Victoria and Albert*. Princess Louise took leave of Her Majesty at Portsmouth on her road home to Sennicotts, while Prince Louis, who returned from Darmstadt at the end of last week, has resumed service on board the Royal yacht. Early on Tuesday morning the *Victoria and Albert* left Portsmouth accompanied by a naval escort and reached Cherbourg in the afternoon, whence the Royal party travelled direct *viâ* Caen, Paris, and Dijon to Aix-les-Bains, reaching the Villa Mottet on Wednesday evening. Her Majesty travels *incognito* as the Countess of Balmoral. The Royal party will stay at Aix until the 23rd inst. and will then go to Darmstadt, returning home early in May. The Royal Maundy was to be distributed on Thursday according to custom, gifts of money and clothing being presented to sixty-six aged men and sixty-six women—the number corresponding with the Queen's age.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family attended Divine Service on Sunday, and subsequently the Prince and his two sons called on the Duke of Genoa, who in the evening dined at Marlborough House. On Monday the Prince presided at a meeting of the Royal Commission for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh lunched with the Prince and Princess. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess, with their family, left town for Sandringham. Next Tuesday the Prince and Princess and their two sons start on their visit to Ireland. Prince Albert Victor will probably preside at one of the meetings of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, at Aberdare, in August. Prince George has finished his course at the Greenwich Naval College, and joins H.M.S. *Excellent*, at Portsmouth, shortly, for two months' training before spending the summer at Heidelberg, like his brother.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to town from Coburg at the end of last week, when Prince and Princess Christian also arrived from Berlin. The Duke will play a violin solo at the Amateur Concert at the Mansion House on April 15th in aid of the People's Entertainment Society. Princess Christian has formed a Windsor Branch of the National Aid Society—Soudan and Egypt, to which the Queen has contributed a quantity of stationery, games, soap, &c., for the use of the British troops in the field.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will not return to England after all, and the Duke will command a division on the North-West Indian frontier. The Duke and Duchess went to Rawul Pindi on Monday to be present at the Ameer's reception and the Durbar. Their children have not gone abroad with the Queen, but remain at Windsor.—The Empress of Austria has been cruising along the British coast this week in Lord Alfred Paget's steam yacht *Santa Cecilia*, having finished her course of medical treatment at Zandvoort. She landed at Ramsgate for a few hours on Sunday evening, and on Monday visited Dover, and on Tuesday steamed to Brighton, whence Her Majesty crossed to Flushing on her road to Heidelberg, for a month's stay.



AN ENGLISH "REQUIEM."—In the Speech Room at Harrow School on Saturday, a short *Requiem*, composed by Mr. John Farmer "in memory of departed Harrow friends," was performed for the first time. The title *Requiem*, as applied to compositions of this sort, is assuredly a misnomer. Mr. John Farmer's *Requiem*, like the *Deutsches Requiem* of Brahms, has no connection with the Roman Catholic ritual, and it may indeed be considered as a short sacred cantata, depicting in the text of Holy Writ the death and burial of a Protestant Christian. We may suppose that the penitent, approaching the extreme moment, is personified by the baritone soloist, who sings the first verse of the "Nunc Dimittis," followed by the pitiful prayer of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, and the pious farewell, "Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit." A reflective fugal chorus is followed by a chorus set to the text, "When he had served his generation by the will of God he fell asleep," probably selected by Professor Jowett as being peculiarly applicable to the fate of General Earle, Colonel Burnaby, and other Harrovian officers who fell in the Soudan. A solemn Funeral March doubtless depicts the burial, and the chorus is then heard placidly singing the words of comfort to them that mourn. The music properly becomes more cheerful as the chorus sing the text of resignation to the Divine will, and at last, led by the baritone soloist, they proclaim the blessed state of the dead who rest from their labours. Mr. John Farmer, after a career of twenty-three years at Harrow, is now about to proceed to Balliol College, Oxford, where he will doubtless exercise considerable influence upon the progress of musical matters at the University.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—A new orchestral *Serenade* in E flat, by Mr. Thomas Wingham, was produced at the Philharmonic Concert last week. The work is in three movements. It is prefaced by the lines from the *Merchant of Venice* beginning, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music creep in our ears." Such a subject demands that light and delicate touch which Mr. Wingham has given it, and the *Serenade* was a great and amply merited success. Of the three movements the second, a scherzino, will probably at once hit the

public taste, but the entire work is delightfully fresh and dainty, and it will probably be heard very frequently. Signor Bottesini played, upon a three-stringed contrabass of full size, an *Elegy* and a taked *Tarantella* by himself, the symphony, conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was that of Schumann in C, and Herr Joachim played Brahms' violin concerto, a difficult work, which seems drier and less interesting every time it is heard. Of the efforts of a party of young vocalists who essayed the sextet "Sola Sola," from *Don Giovanni*, perhaps the less said the better.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Popular Concert season ended on Monday, the last two programmes being, as usual, of a miscellaneous sort, with some of the "Hungarian Dances" as the most popular items. The Popular Concert season has been of rather less interest than heretofore. No new work of importance has been brought forward, nor has any new executant of exceptional ability appeared. On the other hand, Messrs. Chappell's repertory is already so large that it is comparatively independent of increase, while the Popular Concert quartet, led respectively by Herr Joachim and Madame Norman Neruda, is unsurpassed. The Saturday Concerts have been well attended, but on Monday the programmes have often been of less interest than usual, and the audience on several occasions has accordingly been small. Lastly, the hope may once more be expressed that in time to come English chamber music may be more adequately represented at these concerts than at present.

FUNERAL OF MR. J. W. DAVISON.—The remains of this eminent critic were interred on Saturday, at Brompton Cemetery, in the presence of about fifty of Mr. Davison's oldest and most cherished friends. Most of Mr. Davison's companions on the press attended, and around the grave were also Messrs. Charles, Henry and W. D. Davison, Madame Arabella Goddard, Sir G. A. Macfarren, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mrs. Diehl, Mrs. Foli, Mrs. C. L. Kenny, Messrs. Joachim, J. and A. Chappell, W. and C. Boosey, Weist Hill, Wingham, George Rose, Hipkins, Maas, Lazarus, C. E. Stephens, and other friends. A short biography of Mr. J. W. Davison, by Mr. Joseph Bennett, has appeared in the *Musical World*.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Rubinstein has undertaken to write an important work, probably an oratorio, for the next Leeds Festival. The death is announced of the once well-known tenor, Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The choral rehearsals for the Handel Festival will take place at Exeter Hall, May 22nd, 29th, June 5th, 12th. At the opening of the Alexandra Palace, on Tuesday, the *Lobengweiner* was performed. Mr. Mount is musical director, Mr. Hoyte organist, and Mr. Dodd director of the English operas at this Palace. The Musical Artists' Society will award a prize of twenty-five guineas to the English composer of the best string quartet. Madame Hélène Crosmont has returned to London after a successful opera tour in Italy. Concerts of which no further notice is practicable have been given at the Crystal Palace (Choral Symphony and selections from *Fidelio*) and also by the Sacred Harmonic Society (*Elijah*), the Musical Artists' Society, the Guildhall School of Students, and others. Mr. Prout's organ concerto, No. 2, in E flat, will be played by Mr. Riseley and conducted by the composer, at Bristol, on Easter Monday. The Common Council have granted 20,000l. for a new Corporation School of Music on the Victoria Embankment. The building will have thirty-eight class rooms, and will accommodate 4,000 students. Mr. H. Weist Hill will continue his duties as principal. As some doubt has been expressed as to the continuance of the Bristol Triennial Festival, it may be stated that the festival will this year take place on October 20-24. The dates fixed for the appearance at the Inventions Exhibition of the famous Viennese band directed by Strauss are from June 4 to August 3.



THE NEW BISHOPS OF LINCOLN AND EXETER are to be consecrated in St. Paul's on St. Mark's Day, April 25th. Canon Liddon will preach on the occasion.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION have transmitted to Her Majesty a memorial protesting against the appointment of Canon King to the See of Lincoln on the ground of his opinions respecting the Eucharist, Confession, and Absolution. The memorialists go the length of asking for an inquiry into his doctrinal belief, in order that Her Majesty may afterwards be pleased to recommend for the See of Lincoln a divine whose "doctrine, teaching, and ceremonial practices are within the limits prescribed by the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law."

AT A CONFERENCE of agents of the London City Mission, convened by the National Temperance Society, it was stated that almost all of them were teetotallers. Unanimous testimony was borne by them to the obstacles presented by intemperance to the success of mission effort.

ACCORDING TO THE OFFICIAL "Gerarchia Cattolica" for 1885, just issued, Cardinal Newman, now in his eighty-sixth year, is in point of age the Dean of the College of Cardinals.



THE ADDITION MADE TO THE ELECTORATE by the Franchise Bill and working of the new scheme of Redistribution will place at the disposal of the Government a fair amount of new legal patronage. There is to be an addition of no fewer than thirty Revising Barristers to the present staff.

ON FRIDAY LAST WEEK Cunningham and Burton, the suspected dynamitards, were brought up at Bow Street on remand for the last time. Additional evidence was adduced to prove that Burton was a passenger on board the *Donau*, which arrived from New York at Southampton in February, 1884. An Irish clergyman deposed to his "belief" that Cunningham was a fellow passenger with him in a train from Dover to Charing Cross just before the explosions in Scotland Yard and St. James's Square. Colonel Majendie, Chief Inspector of Explosives, gave evidence to establish the identical character of the dynamite used in all the metropolitan explosions, actual or attempted, and the close similarity of the means and mechanism employed to produce them, some, both of the dynamite and machinery, having been found in portmanteaus which were traced to the possession of the prisoners. The dynamite was wholly and the mechanism mainly of American manufacture. Finally the prisoners, who reserved their defence, were formally committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of treason felony, the punishment for which is penal servitude for life.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE COMPANY have successfully resisted a claim made on them for 450l., alleged to be the loss sustained in household goods and ostrich feathers through a fire in her premises at Clapton, by Miss Caroline Supple, a dealer in feathers.

In April, last year, the plaintiff went with her servant and child to a concert, leaving at home a fire without a guard and three paraffin lamps burning. On her return two hours afterwards she found a fire had broken out, doing the damage for which she claimed compensation from the Company under a policy of insurance. The Company pleaded fraud and misrepresentation on her part. In the course of a severe cross-examination of the plaintiff, whose domestic history was far from edifying, it was elicited that there had been three fires within as many years in houses where she had resided. At the close of the cross-examination, without waiting to be addressed by the counsel for the defence, the jury declared themselves unanimously in favour of a verdict for the Company. Mr. Baron Huddleston, the presiding Judge, said he perfectly agreed with them, and ordered all the documents in the case to be impounded.

MRS. WELDON has suffered a decisive defeat in her long controversy with M. Rivière, at whose instance she was indicted at the Central Criminal Court for a libel, charging him, among other allegations, with having committed bigamy. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy, whereon the Common Serjeant sentenced her to six months' imprisonment without hard labour, and directed her to enter into her own recognisances in 100l., and to find two sureties in 50l. for her good behaviour for two years. Mrs. Weldon, as usual, conducted her case in person.

THE CERTIFICATE of a local medical practitioner who had been called in described "Vaccination" as among the causes of the death of a child of three years old, the daughter of a trooper in the First Life Guards, stationed at Albany Street Barracks. The matter was carefully gone into at the coroner's inquest, and the verdict of the jury denied that vaccination had been among the causes of death, and pronounced the certificate referred to to be in this respect incorrect and misleading. Had things gone otherwise the anti-vaccinationists would have rejoiced.

IS THE CRAY-FISH a fish so as to bring any one illegally attempting to catch it within the purview of the provisions of the Larceny Act which relate to fish? A person was found using a fishing apparatus, apparently calculated for catching cray-fish, in a field traversed by the Yare, where he had neither right nor permission to be. The magistrates decided that they could not convict him, cray-fish being invertebrate animals, and a species of crustaceans, and therefore, they thought, not fish within the meaning of the Act. The Divisional Court differed from the magistrates, and sent the case back to them to be tried, Mr. Justice Manisty candidly avowing that "he really could give no better reason for his decision than that cray-fish are fish." It was brought out incidentally that in Lord Mansfield's time there was a doubt whether oysters were fish, but that more recent legal luminaries have decided that they are.

MR. C. E. MALDEN, who was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1870, has been appointed by the Home Secretary Recorder of Thelford, in succession to Mr. C. Cooper, who has been transferred to the Recordership of King's Lynn.



THE House of Commons adjourned on Tuesday for the Easter Recess, the House of Lords, with their accustomed promptness in this matter, having practically adjourned on Friday. There was a meeting of both Houses on Saturday, but it was merely formal, being occasioned by the necessity of passing the National Fund Bill, and obtaining the Queen's signature before her departure on her Continental holiday trip. The serious business of the House of Commons also ended with the close of last week, though the sitting of Monday was made to last up to two o'clock on the following morning. On Tuesday the Irish Members clung so affectionately to the House that there was some doubt whether after all the adjournment would take place at the close of the morning sitting, or whether members would not be obliged to return at nine o'clock, a conclusion which the Parnellites, by a gross breach of faith, brought about.

The debate on the last Vote of Censure, having special reference to the Egyptian Convention, ended in a manner that seemed scarcely to justify the action of the Opposition in challenging it. As a matter of tactics, it would, perhaps, have been better to have rested on the laurels gained on the previous Vote of Censure, when the Government majority was reduced to the critical number of fourteen. On Saturday morning it rose to 48, or deducting, as having no bearing upon the issue, twenty-four votes the Irish members gave, the Ministerial majority was 72. But what was, from an Opposition point of view, worse even than the figures of the division, was the attitude of the House towards the business. As a division was pending urgent whips were issued from both sides, and there was a fairly hearty response. But members were distinctly of the opinion that they had come to vote, not to hear speeches, and they were not inclined to go beyond their compact. Four times the House was moderately well filled. The first time was during Mr. Gladstone's speech on moving the resolution approving the Convention; the second when Mr. Chamberlain addressed the House; the third whilst Mr. Goschen was speaking; and the last whilst Mr. Childers was on his legs.

This last occasion was a memorable one, and invested the proceedings with a certain melancholy humour. Mr. Childers rose at a few minutes before one o'clock in the morning, and was received without enthusiasm by the House, now crowded for the division. There seemed no particular reason why he should add to the already depressing succession of speeches. Everything that could possibly be said had already been uttered, and even in fresher hours of the debate few could be got to listen. To have Mr. Childers coming forward at this time seemed equivalent to the last straw. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is an old and experienced member of the House. It was taken for granted that he would acknowledge the formal character of his interposition, and after saying a few words would sit down. That, however, was a view of the situation which did not occur to Mr. Childers. He had prepared a long oration, after some well-known models, and the knowledge that it was one o'clock in the morning and the House was wearied to death did not convey to his mind any suggestions of the desirability of cutting short an oration prepared for more favourable circumstances.

The idea that the House would not listen to him never entered Mr. Childers's head. Even amid the vexation that followed it was amusing to see the unfeigned astonishment which mantled his face when, at the end of the first half-hour, members began to howl for the division. "What!" he cried, looking round with unaffected surprise, "is a Minister not to answer questions that have been put to him?" The Committee shouted "No!" whereat Mr. Childers almost staggered at the table. He was, however, not going to have his purpose set aside by a demonstration of this kind, and went forward with his history of everything that had taken place in Egypt since 1882. Such is the respect for official responsibility in the House of Commons that a very large number of members, finding Mr. Childers determined to make a long speech, resignedly settled themselves for sleep. It was inconvenient, and even painful. But

they would not interrupt him. By half-past one all these scruples had vanished, and for the next ten minutes, during which Mr. Childers battled with the Committee in the desperate attempt to give them the full benefit of his speech, the House was a scene of constant uproar. But there is an end to all things—even to a speech from Mr. Childers, and at two o'clock in the morning the Division was announced.

When the House met on Monday it was full of excitement in anticipation of a statement on the progress of the quarrel or reconciliation with Russia. Considering that the Easter holidays had practically commenced, the attendance was astonishingly large. The principal absentee was Mr. Gladstone, who had anticipated the holidays, and was understood to be enjoying the sunlight and fresh air of Brighton. Sir Stafford Northcote had on Friday intimated his intention of putting a question to the Premier on the subject uppermost in men's minds. Meanwhile, Mr. Stanhope had a question on the paper which elicited all that for the present could be communicated to the House. This was of a satisfactory character as far as it went. Lord E. Fitzmaurice announced that the Russian answer was actually on its way, and though it had not yet been received, there was reason to believe that it was of a conciliatory character, and contemplated the immediate meeting of the Delimitation Commission. This announcement, as pointing to a peaceful solution of the question, was received with cheers, a demonstration more heartily made when Lord Hartington, replying to a question from Sir George Campbell, explained the war preparations on the ground that the Government have entered into certain engagements with the Ameer of Afghanistan; and, looking at the distance which separates our military force from the region to which the engagements relate, the Government are of opinion that it is desirable to make preparations to enable them to fulfil those engagements should occasion arise.

Sir Charles Dilke, and probably a majority of the House, would have been glad of the opportunity of using Monday night to make further progress with the Seats Bill. But it is the Parnellites who control business arrangements at Westminster, and in deference to them the Civil Service Estimates were put down as the order of the day. This means that opportunity was provided them for blowing off the steam which they were understood to be engendering for Tuesday's sitting, with the prospect of carrying the debate over seven o'clock, and so making it necessary for the House to meet again at nine in order to carry the motion for the adjournment over the Easter Recess. Before they came on however Mr. Sydney Buxton was privileged to bring forward the question of the Ladies' Gallery. The question whether the stone grille in front of the gallery is popular with the ladies frequenting it, and its continuance desired by a majority of them, is a moot point that comes up from time to time as regularly as the threatened advance of Russia on India, the operation of the Crimes Act in Ireland, or the proceedings of the Boers in South Africa. There were on Monday night the usual assertions for the grille and against the grille, the House finally deciding by 131 votes against 75 to let things remain.

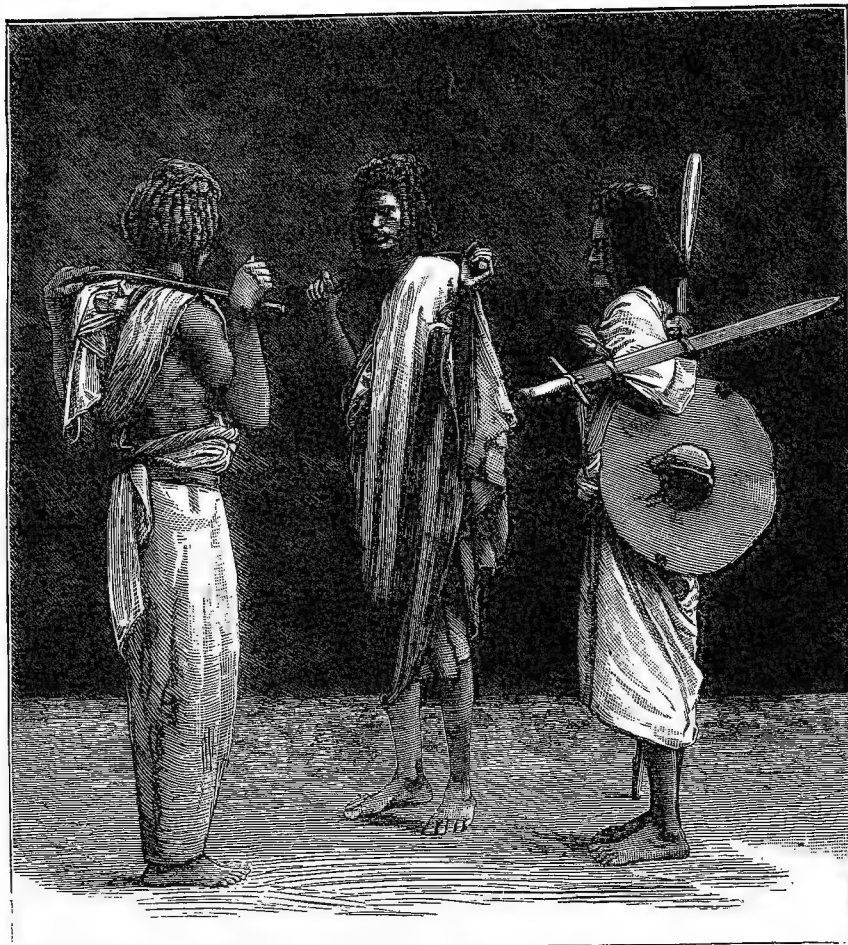
After this Mr. Gorst got on with the quaint proposal to give up Heligoland to Germany. The House was not quite sure whether this was a grave joke or a portentous bit of satire on the part of the member for Chatham. Sir Michael Beach suggested that it was a trap laid to catch a Government understood, in some quarters, to be maniacally anxious to "give up something." Last of all the Irish members came on and discussed with miraculous freshness the case of Inspector Murphy, which, owing to skilful manipulation of the Rules, has already in the still young Session been five or six times before the House. On Tuesday there was some questioning of Ministers with respect to Afghan affairs. But though Lord Hartington replied at length he did not add anything to the information already possessed by the House. A miscellaneous list of topics occupied the House—or, rather, some half-dozen members who remained—till seven o'clock, when the Irish members talked out the motion for the adjournment, and had the satisfaction of bringing members together again at nine o'clock. After an abortive attempt to prolong the discussion the House adjourned for the Recess at ten o'clock.

STRAY NOTES ON ABYSSINIA

THE name of no Englishman is more connected with the history of Abyssinia during the last score of years than that of Captain Charles Tristram Speedy. In 1863 Captain Speedy was Vice-Consul at Massowah under Consul Cameron, who was imprisoned by King Theodore when the latter took offence at the courteous treatment which he had received from the British Government. Throwing up his official duties after a time, Captain Speedy went on a hunting excursion in the interior, and there his herculean proportions and great strength attracted the attention of the Abyssinian monarch, in whose service he passed some eighteen months or so with the title of "Basha Felecca." He eventually found that there was no trust to be placed in princes—at least, in those of Abyssinia, and demanded, and after some demur obtained, his discharge from the King's service. Captain Speedy then went to New Zealand, where he became an officer of militia and distinguished himself in the Maori War. When, however, England declared war upon Abyssinia Captain Speedy was summoned back to serve in the Intelligence Department of General Napier's Expedition, and rendered admirable service throughout the campaign by his knowledge of the language and of the people, and by his unflinching tact in his dealings with them. On the suicide of King Theodore and the conclusion of the war he was entrusted with the guardianship of the King's son, Prince Alamayu, who died in 1872. Last year he was appointed to pioneer Admiral Hewett's mission to King John, which resulted in the conclusion of the recent treaty.—One of our engravings, which are from photographs by Mr. J. M. Narick, Suakim, represents Captain Speedy in Abyssinian garb—a costume which he not unusually dons when visiting that country.

Two of our illustrations depict some warriors of the Beni Amer tribe, who are Egyptian subjects, but live on the confines of Abyssinia, and wage a border warfare with Ras Aloola's turbulent Abyssinians, who make frequent raids upon the frontier villages. Their equipment varies considerably—from the homely native toga, sword, skin target, spear and sword, to the crusader-like quilted armour and Sikh helmets in which we recently portrayed them in a skirmish with their Abyssinian opponents.

Though the Abyssinians are nominally Christians, their religion is of so essentially debased and superstitious a nature that it bears but little resemblance to Christianity as practised by Western nations. Many Jewish rites are practised, while their numerous churches are suggestive of the altars and temples described in the Old Testament, not only because they are mostly built in high places and surrounded by groves, but from their internal construction, the building being divided into three portions practically—the court of the Levites, that of the priests, and the Holy of Holies, where the Ark, an object of the highest veneration, is placed. Their manner of eating is distinctly Jewish, the flesh of the wild boar, the hare, and the camel being abhorred, while the cows and sheep are slaughtered in a special fashion. Circumcision again is universal, while the laws of uncleanness are almost identical with those of Moses. At the same time the tenets of Christianity are no less prominent. Numerous saints are worshipped with the utmost devotion, the Virgin is regarded as the Queen of Heaven and the great intercessor for mankind, fasting is far more rigidly carried out than by the Roman Catholics, while any one who is known to neglect the rules of the Church is regarded as an infidel, and his body would be refused sepulture by the clergy. The



BENI AMER WARRIORS



CAPTAIN TRISTRAM SPEEDY IN A DRESS OF HONOUR

priesthood is very numerous, but are said to be somewhat immoral and corrupt, the chief qualification really necessary being the ability to read, with a very superficial knowledge of theological legends. The actual sect to which the Abyssinian Church belongs is known as the Monophysites, who recognise only one nature in Christ. The head of the Church is the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, who rules by deputy in the person of an ecclesiastic appointed by him, and bearing the title of Abuna, or Our Father.

"The Abyssinian priests," wrote Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, in his "Life in Abyssinia," "are a jolly set. One might fancy that the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' had made a stay at St. Theodore before writing the 'Lay of St. Nicholas':

And Peter the prior and Francis the friar,
Sat each with a napkin under his chin;
But Roger the monk got excessively drunk,
So they put him to bed, and they tucked him in.

Truly, barring the napkins, putting to bed and tucking in,

which all savours of the European, I could fancy I knew the person he intended to describe."

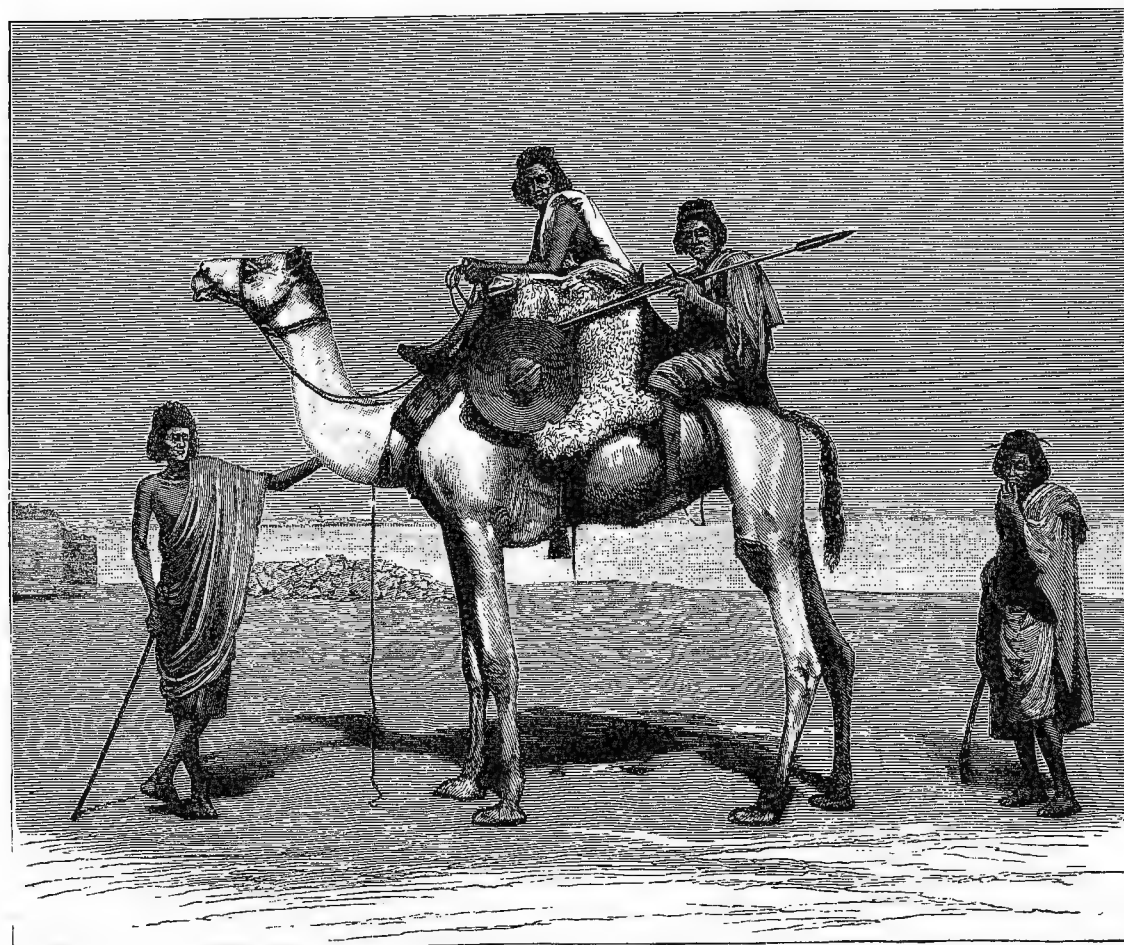
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY

It was not long after the building of the Krasnovodsk fort that the Russians, in 1871, occupied Chikishliar, somewhat further south, and near the mouth of the Atrak. Here they were brought into conflict with the Yomud Turkomans, represented in one of the accompanying groups. The Yomuds were one of the first of the tribes to submit to the Russians, and having so done, they agreed to help their conquerors, and to watch their marauding neighbours, the Akhal Tekkès; whereupon the Tekkès threatened to exterminate the Yomuds.

This, among other things, gave the Russians a *casus belli* against the Tekkès of the Akhal, which culminated in Skobeleff's storming of Geok Tepé, so valiantly defended by the

Turkomans under a son of Nur Verdi Khan. The name of another son, Yusuf, came before the public, it will be remembered, about twelve months since as one of the four Khans of Merv, whose portraits are given in the accompanying illustration. When news reached Europe that Merv had submitted to Russia, the *Moscow Gazette* stated that when Captain Alikhanoff, charged with a communication to the elders of Merv from the officer commanding in the Trans-Caspian region, arrived at the fortress, it was in the tent of Yusuf Khan that he established himself, and the meeting at which it was resolved to offer the allegiance of the Mervs to Russia was held in the tent of Yusuf Khan's mother. All four of the Khans are said to have accompanied the deputation to Askhabad, and with twenty-four elders to have taken the oath of allegiance. Space prevents my enlarging on this topic, to which, however, I may be permitted to say I have devoted several chapters in a book long overdue, but now almost printed, and entitled "Russian Central Asia."

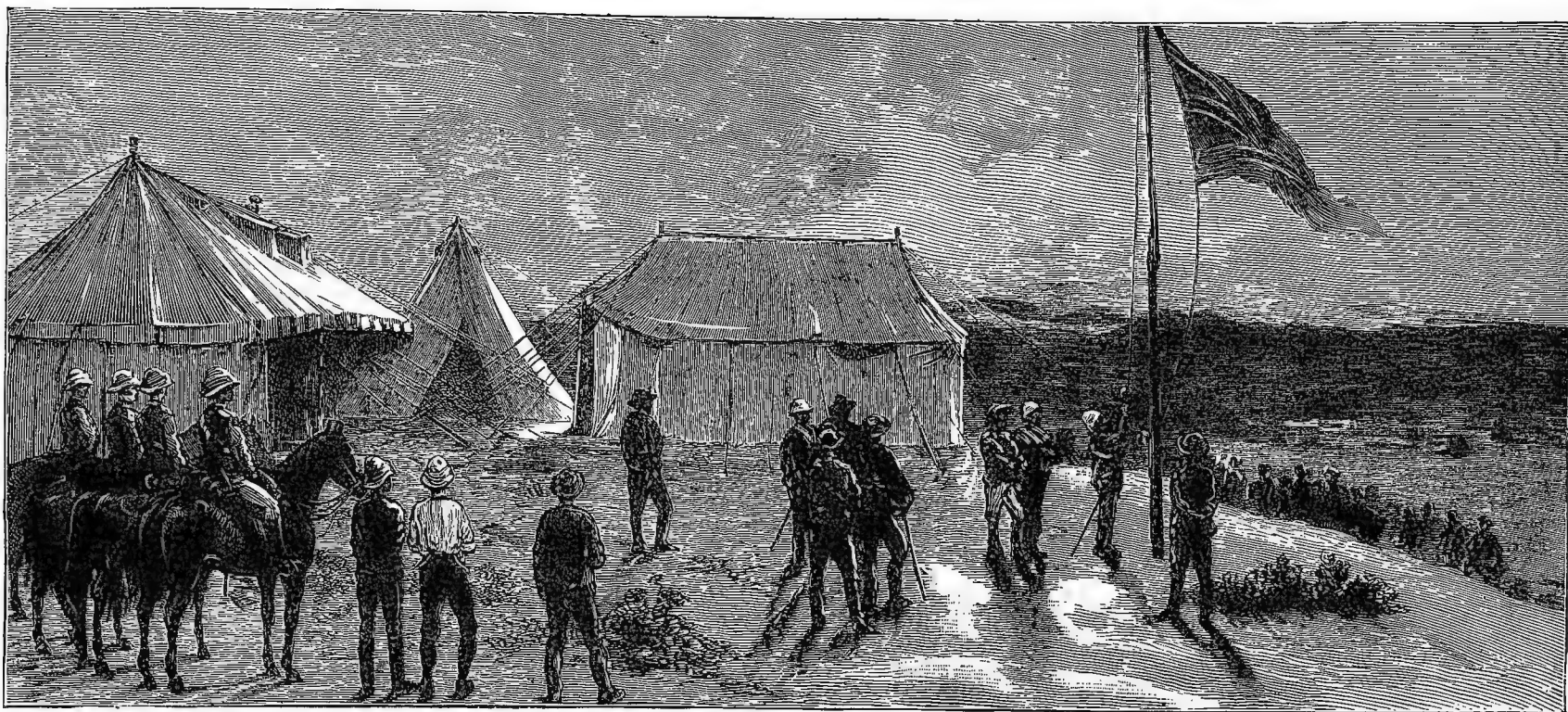
HENRY LANSDALL, D.D.



PEOPLE OF THE BENI AMER TRIBE ON A JOURNEY



AN ABYSSINIAN PRELATE



WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN IN BECHUANALAND—HOISTING THE UNION JACK AT VRÿBURG
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



A GROUP OF YOMUD TURKOMANS



THE FOUR KHANS OF MERV WHO NEGOTIATED THE SURRENDER OF MERV TO THE RUSSIANS
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY



I.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD in the *Contemporary*, and writing "A Comment on Christmas," expounds once more his particular position towards religious thought. He quotes Bishop Wilson's apophthegm, "Truth provokes those whom it does not convert," as against good people who are "so angry at being told that miracles do not happen, that, if we say this, they cannot bear to have us using the Bible at all, or recommending the Bible. . . . The success of these orthodox champions is not commensurate with their zeal; and so, in spite of all rebuke, I find myself, as a lover of the Bible, perpetually tempted to substitute for their line of defence a different method, however it may provoke them." This being so, Mr. Arnold asks "What is Christmas, and what does it say to us?" and proceeds in his own way to answer the question. Christmas is "the birthday of Jesus," and "the miracle of the Incarnation" is "a homage to the virtue of pureness and to the manifestation of this virtue in Jesus."—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has an excellent paper, "On Style in Literature: Its Technical Elements." He treats of the choice of words, of the web, *i.e.*, the combination, complication, and implication artistically of the elements of a subject, of the rhythm of the phrase, and its contents. He gives some interesting examples of alliteration in style. His article should be of value to all who are actively engaged in the work of literary composition.

In the *North American Review*, "Free Thought in America" contains Mr. Robert Buchanan's views on the teachings of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, and of Mr. Frothingham. Of the first he says that he represents the natural reaction of American Bohemianism against the Puritanism of Boston and the overstrained Transcendentalism of Brook Farm. The vice of America accentuated in Colonel Ingersoll is "its materialism," and, says Mr. Buchanan, "we owe much to the gods, but for them Europe would have been Americanised long ago," and he goes on to show what a bad thing this would be for us. With Mr. Frothingham he is less severe; but misses in him "the charm of those fairy stories of God which will continue to add to human happiness so long as the heart of man is as a child's, and some glimpses of a heavenly dream remain."—Mr. Charles D. Warner's "A Study of Prison Management" is descriptive of the system in vogue in Elmira Reformatory, and supplies suggestive reading for members of Social Science Congresses.

The most striking fictional feature in the *Atlantic Monthly* is still Mr. Craddock's "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," in which there is a very humorous and amusing dialogue between Amos Jeemes and D'rindy Cayce.—Mr. Frederick D. Storey gives us lively reading in "An Unclassified Philosopher," who lives on the northern limit of Manhattan Island. His name is Professor Nichols, and he holds that "There have been three stages in the line of planetary development. The first was ushered in by Galileo, the second by Columbus, and the third by himself." "The first" of these philosophers "proved that the earth moves, the second that the earth is round, and the third that the earth is alive." Professor Nichols "proves" his theory in whimsical and eccentric fashion.

Temple Bar supplies the magazine-reading public with a very good number this month. "A Giron Girl" is quite up to its usual brightness. Miss Bartrand becomes aware of her lover's real domestic condition.—"George Eliot" is a well-worn subject; but it is freshly treated. "The thread," says the writer, "which ran through the web of her life's history will never be truly told—for those who know it keep silent, and those who do not know it would deny it, if they were told."—The article on George S. nd's letters may be profitably read side by side with that on the author of "Adam Bede."

Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards contributes to *Time* a capital historical paper on "Nell Gwyn," of whose character he takes a genial view; and Mr. Roscoe Morgan gives us from personal knowledge, and from more accessible materials, a sketch of the late lamented General Stewart, sure to be attractive at present.—Most of the other papers in *Time* treat freshly of questions generally canvassed and of popular interest.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* provides us with Mr. Archibald Forbes's experiences when "Interviewed by an Emperor." The time was when the Russians were in trouble at Plevna, and anxiety was felt as to the safety of the advanced Russian force under Radetski in the Schipka Pass. Mr. Forbes describes himself as he made his appearance before the late Alexander II. thus:—"I had been wearing clothes, originally white, for over a fortnight, night and day. The black of my saddle had come off on to them with great liberality, and they were spotted down the front with poor Dragomiroff's blood, which had been trickling when we had helped to carry him out of the fire. I was all over about half-an-inch thick with dust, while the dust on my face was cheerfully relieved by fiery sun-blisters, and by a stubbly beard of about a week's growth. I had not washed for three days."—Hugh Conway's serial reveals this month its central fact; and its interest maintains itself.

Professor Freeman attacks "Imperial Federation" in *Macmillan's* for April. He finds a contradiction in terms between "Federation" and "Empire." The ideas underlying them he holds to be mutually irreconcilable. In fact, he thinks Mr. Forster's plans chimerical. He has often dreamed, however, that "something like the Greek *sympoliteia*, a power in the citizens of each country of taking up the citizenship of the other at pleasure, might not be beyond hope; but I have," says Mr. Freeman, "not ventured even to dream of more than that."—Mr. John Cook has also an instructive article on "The Astrology of Shakspeare."—"The Review of the Month" is a more than usually good summarised comment of current events.

Mr. Freeman also writes in *Longman's*, "On Some Modern Abuses of Language." He cites as conspicuous examples the abuse of such words as "decimating," "ovation," "Vandalism," and "literally."—Miss Kendall contributes some charming verses, "Cold Comfort," but Mr. Black's "White Heather" is not quite up to the mark. We are expecting more from the hero than we have yet got.

Cornhill opens with a new serial, "Court Royal," by the author of "John Herring." The first chapters are full of promise, and show a marvellous knowledge of a certain seamy side of life. There are also good verses entitled "The Rabbi's Present," "Rainbow Gold" does not give us information as to the great gap in the story after Job Round escaped from the army.

In the *Argosy* "The Mystery of Allan Grale" proceeds satisfactorily, and the other tales and sketches continue to maintain the reputation of the *Argosy* as an excellent sixpennyworth.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is a beautiful line engraving by J. and L. Godfrey of Mr. D. W. Wynfield's painting of "The Courtship of William II. of Orange." Mr. Joseph Hatton writes a very readable paper on "London Clubland."

An ink-photo from Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Study of a Head," a chalk-drawing, supplies the frontispiece to the *Magazine of Art*; but is not so striking as the engraving from Josselin de Jong's powerful picture, "The Petition."—There is an excellent article by Mr. Austin Dobson on "Peg Woffington," illustrated by two fine portraits of the celebrated actress.

The frontispiece in the *Portfolio* is by E. P. Brandard from Constable's painting of "Salisbury Cathedral," for which Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse supplies letterpress, eulogistic in tone, and in style well expressed.—Mr. Loftie's elaborate monograph on "Windsor" still continues to be a prominent feature in Mr. Hamerton's periodical.



THE SEASON.—The weather continues propitious to agriculture, and spring sowing has been very active during the last fortnight of March. The growing wheat comes on slowly but healthily, and, although the winds have been keen, vegetation is astir, and the approach of spring is both felt and seen. The appearance of the winter tares and beans is good, but not forward. Ewes are strong and healthy, and the fall of lambs has been good. In some parts of the West of England there have been many twin lambs. In Ireland a good breadth of potatoes has already been set. The whole winter in the Green Isle has been exceedingly mild. Cattle are healthy, and doing well, but farmers would now be very glad of signs of growth in the grass.

ENSILAGE COMMISSION.—The following noblemen and gentlemen have already consented to take part as commissioners in an inquiry on the present practice of ensilage to be held at the office of the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council:—The Marquis of Drogheda, K.P.; Lord Walsingham, Lord Egerton of Tatton, the Hon. Stanhope Tollemahe, General Marshall, Colonel Kingscote, C.B.; Mr. J. C. Lawrence, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. H. A. Brassey, M.P.; Mr. N. Eckersley, M.P.; Mr. Wm. J. Harris, M.P.; Mr. James Howard, M.P.; Mr. Peter M'Lagan, M.P.; Mr. A. M. Cardwell, Mr. Faunce de Laune, Mr. Henry Robinson, C.E.; Mr. Jacob Wilson, and Mr. H. Kains-Jackson. Several agriculturists, having experience on the subject, have agreed to attend and give evidence, which will commence to be taken soon after Easter. The list of questions circulated among those owners of silos who are unable to attend personally and give evidence should be addressed, marked "Ensilage Commission," to the Secretary, Agricultural Department of the Privy Council, 44, Parliament Street, S.W.

THE CALLING OF THE FARMER.—The world is tolerably well agreed that poets are born and not made, but it will be loth to accept the dictum of a correspondent who thinks that "the same may be said of the farmer." And yet there is some reason with him, as he goes on to say, "If a man is not in some measure an enthusiast, with an innate taste for rural pursuits, he cannot become a farmer, and failure must inevitably result from his embarking capital in a business for which the necessary qualifications are wanting. In the palmy days of farming—if those days can be called palmy when farmers could gain a competency but seldom a fortune—men of all trades and professions embarked their capital in the land, believing that no preliminary training and no technical knowledge were necessary to ensure for the novice a life of Arcadian bliss. This was the era of what estate agents were facetiously pleased to designate pleasure farms." The farms, we believe, still exist, though the roseate adjective which was wont to tempt the unwary has long since died a natural death.

STOCK BREEDING IN SCOTLAND.—Speaking at a recent meeting of North British agriculturists Mr. Mackenzie, of Kintail, thought it would be a great advantage to Scottish farmers if they took to rearing more stock at home. One of the lessons the restrictions enforced lately by the local authorities taught them was their too great dependence upon other countries for store stock. They could not perhaps in Scotland be independent altogether, but they could at least breed far more cattle than they did at present. Just now farmers were suffering from the low prices for both fat sheep and cattle, very little more being realised after the expense of winter feeding than the prices paid for the stock in the autumn; but if the animals were bred on the farm profits would be better. The farmer who had bred and reared his own stock would show on the average of the last three years a far better balance sheet than his neighbour who had to buy in and sell at current rates.

CHEESE AND MILK.—The best judges do not seem to object to a little of what is called "age" in milk, but of course they do not like it sour or tainted. Milk with "age" works faster into cheese, coming right along without delay. Why it does this is still obscure. Some suppose it is because the acid develops sooner; but milk in which the acid develops even more rapidly does not make as good cheese. The acid theory does not explain it; nor does the oxydising theory—for oxygen gas has nothing to do with the action of rennet; it merely develops flavour by acting on both the casein and the fats. It is found that normal milk has one-fifth as much rennet as is put into it ordinarily in making cheese. This rennet is sometimes abundant enough to cause the milk to coagulate before there is the least sign of acid. Now, the amount that is commonly found in milk must be constantly operating towards coagulation. Perhaps, therefore, when the milk is sold it is so much nearer the point desired by the cheese-maker. So when he adds the rennet preparation all the results follow faster than they would if the milk had not stood for hours under the influence of the rennet which it naturally contains. The fact that rennet is a constant element in wholesome milk is of recent discovery.

THE ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have arranged to hold their annual show for 1885 at Waltham Abbey on the 4th and 5th of June. The prizes amount in the aggregate to 1,700*l.*, a princely offer for a single county. Precedence appears to be given to horses, and the provision of prizes in this department is especially liberal. The Corporation of the City of London offer a hundred guinea prize for the best agricultural stallion over two years old. Shorthorns, Channel Island cattle, Devons, and Herefords are all well provided for, as among sheep are Southdowns, Suffolks, Hampshire Downs, Shropshires, and Oxfordshires. Mr. Bateman, of Brightlingsea, presents a prize of 10*l.* for the best silo. Entries, which close on May 11th, should be sent in to Mr. Frank Whitmore, of Chelmsford.

THE NORFOLK CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE is about to make a novel departure from the ordinary business hitherto attempted by institutions of its class. It has appointed a Committee to promote experiments with manures and feeding stuffs, to be carried out in different districts in the county under the superintendence of an experienced agricultural chemist. To further this end the Prince of Wales promises a contribution from Sandringham of 10*l.* for three years, and the Lord Lieutenant offers 20*l.* for two years.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY offer 1,541*l.* in prizes at their Show, and their exhibition is to extend over three days. Cattle take the place of honour in the stock classes, but the Earl of Yarborough and Mr. Chaplin may always be trusted to see that horses are not neglected. The long-wool sheep of the county are handsomely provided for, there being five prizes for shearing rams alone. Prizes are also offered for pigs, for butter, and for various merits in servants and labourers. There is a specialty of 22*l.* divided into five prizes, to the drivers of steam engines used for agricultural purposes.

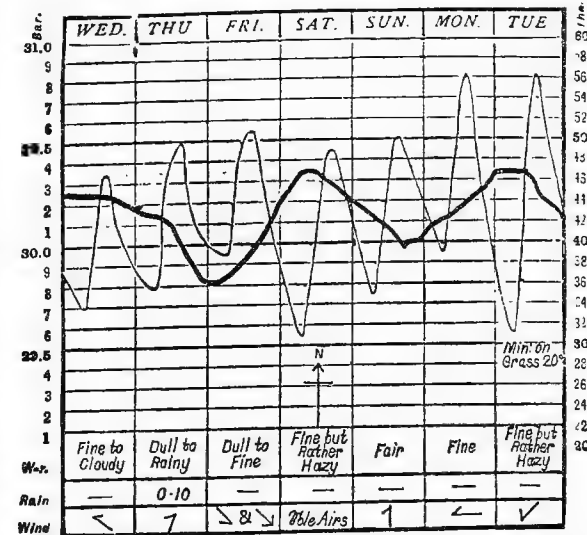
THE BISHOP STORTFORD HORSE SHOW was held last week, and passed off very successfully. The arrangements were excellent, and a noticeable improvement on former years was shown in the quality of the exhibits. After the Show there was a dinner, at which Mr. H. W. Gilbey presided. Colonel Ravenhill made a useful speech concerning the style of horse required for military purposes.

COLOUR IN HORSES AND STOCK.—Referring to some remarks which we recently made under this heading, it is pointed out in the interesting preface to "The Clydesdale Stud Book" that Prince Royal 647, though descended from a famous black, had a marked peculiarity that he never got a black foal; but he had them of every other colour, including a number of chestnuts with a few gray hairs. The subject is one which we are convinced will eventually repay scientific investigation. There is no accepted theory yet.

MARKING PIGEONS.—It does not say much for shows or exhibitors that there has arisen a general outcry for some means of marking fowls so that false statements as to their age, &c., may not be sent in. We hear that, at a recent conference on the subject, stamping on the wings was agreed upon. A ring round the foot was proposed; but the friends of the feather-legged breeds were unable to acquiesce in this plan. It is proposed to hold an annual conference of "Columbarians," and the fancy for pigeons seems to be as flourishing as ever.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During this period the weather has been chiefly rough, mild, and showery in the west and north, but quiet, generally fine, and dry in the south-east of our islands. In the course of the week several depressions have passed outside our extreme north-western coasts in a north-easterly direction, producing southerly or south-westerly gales of some severity at many of our Irish and Scotch stations, with cloudy, rainy weather. In the rear of one of these disturbances—that which moved eastwards during Thursday (26th ult.) and Friday (27th ult.)—a very general gale from the north-west was felt over the country, accompanied by rain at most of the north-western stations, and snow and hail in the Hebrides. Meanwhile, over the more southern and south-eastern portions of the United Kingdom high and uniform barometrical readings prevailed, with light breezes—mostly from the southward. Light fog or mist prevailed at a few places during the morning hours, but the weather on the whole was fine and very pleasant. At the close of the period pressure was falling quickly in the north, with a gale from the southward in the extreme north-west, while the barometer still rose over the southern part of the country, and the weather remained fine. Temperature has not differed much from the normal in the north, but has been below elsewhere; readings have been below the freezing point by the sheltered thermometer at many of the English inland and southern stations, while a reading of 20° from the grass thermometer was reported on Tuesday morning (31st ult.). The barometer was highest (30°35 inches) on Saturday (28th ult.); lowest (29°32 inches) on Thursday (26th ult.); range, 0°53 inches. Temperature was highest (56°) on Monday (30th ult.) and Tuesday (31st ult.); lowest (31°) on Saturday (28th ult.) and Tuesday (31st ult.); range, 25°. Rain fell on one day only (Thursday, 26th ult.), to the amount of 0°10 inches.



MADAME MODJESKA's reappearance in London is a mere flying visit to the LYCEUM, which happens to be temporarily vacated by Miss Mary Anderson, after her custom, during the week preceding Easter. The play chosen for the occasion is that clever combination of intrigue in the manner of Scribe with melodramatic poisonings and death agonies, familiar—we may perhaps now be permitted to say too familiar—to London audiences under the title of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. The delicate softness and tender sentiment of this distinguished actress gave to this part when she played it at the Court Theatre a charm which was cordially appreciated. The impersonation was received on Monday evening with no less favour by a crowded house, in which the American element was conspicuous. A distinguished amateur actress, Lady Monckton, wife of the Town Clerk of the City of London, played the part of the Princess De Bouillon, but whether this is to be taken as a token that this lady has adopted the stage as a profession does not appear. Lady Monckton has studied the art of acting with considerable success as regards its technicalities, but she is not able to invest the Princess with the romantic interest which, in spite of her unscrupulous malice, is needed to give due effect to the impersonation. Mr. Henry Neville, in a resplendent uniform, appears as the Count de Saxe, a part which he sustained with his customary fervour and exuberance. As the revival is but a temporary expedient, it is enough to say that the remainder of the cast are fairly satisfactory. On Monday Miss Mary Anderson reappears here in the character of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*.

Easter this year, if we include the few days which precede the strict commencement of the holiday, presents more than ordinary tokens of managerial enterprise. On Wednesday Dr. Westland Marston's new play, of which we shall have to speak hereafter, was produced at the VAUDEVILLE; on Thursday the PRINCESS's reopened with *The Silver King*; and to-night Mr. G. R. Sims's new romantic domestic drama, to which it has been finally determined to give the title of *The Last Chance*, will be brought out at the ADELPHI. Mr. Toole also, after a long absence, returns this evening to his pretty and commodious theatre at Charing Cross, where he will be seen in *The Upper Crust* and *Giffin's Elopement*. The reopening of the ROYALTY under the management of Miss Kate

Santley, with a new comic opera from the French entitled *François the Radical*, is also what sporting writers call a "fixture" for this evening; as is the appearance of Mrs. Langtry at the PRINCE's in the part of Lady Ormond in *Peril*. The OPÉRA COMIQUE also reopens this evening with a new adaptation, to be called *The Excursion Train*, under the management of Mr. David James; and last, though not least, the management of St. JAMES's will to-night revive *The Queen's Shilling* and *A Quiet Rubber*, in which Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will resume their original parts. On Monday, too, let us note, Messrs. Harry Jackson and Oscar Barrett will reproduce at the CRYSTAL PALACE the late Mr. Byron's burlesque of *La Sonnambula*, supported by an excellent company.

The Easter piece at the BRITANNIA is a revival of *Ginica*; or, *What the Cards Tell*. At the STANDARD, *The Babes*, transferred from Toole's Theatre, will enter upon a brief engagement, together with *Two Women*, originally called *Too Late*, by Mr. Edward Rose. At the PAVILION there will be *The Woman of the People*; and at the MARYLEBONE a revival of Mr. Boucicault's *Formosa*.

The reappearance of Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Stirling to speak a rhymed dialogue, written by way of epilogue by Mr. Clement Scott for the performance at the CRITERION for the benefit of the Princess of Wales's branch of the National Aid Society, awakened great

interest. A most enthusiastic welcome was accorded to these two favourites of the public.

A new drama of English domestic life, written by Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett, is in preparation at the PRINCESS's.

A version of *Clara Soleil* will probably be produced at the COMEDY Theatre. For the present, however, a revival of *La Mascotte*, with Miss Violet Cameron in her old part, will occupy the bill.

Sir Randall Roberts has written a play called *A Dangerous Game*, which will be produced at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Easter Monday.

Specially engraved portraits of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are to accompany the new volume on Mr. Irving, written by Mr. William Winter, the well-known dramatic critic of the New York Tribune.

"THE PALL MALL GAZETTE."—The conductors of this journal have just published (we believe for the first time, as hitherto their indices have been compiled for their own private use) a complete index of the half-year from July to December, 1884. This is a very valuable compilation for all those persons who wish to consult

the records of the near past, all the incidents being chronicled so thoroughly and elaborately that reference to a file of the journal in question enables the investigator to trace every public event of importance.

THE CABMEN'S SHELTER FUND has just completed its first decade, having been founded in January, 1875. Ten years ago cabmen, who spend so much of their lives in waiting on the ranks, had neither shelter from the weather nor means of obtaining refreshment except at the risk of losing their turn, but now by means of this fund there are thirty-four shelters in different parts of London, used by over 2,000 cabmen daily. Further shelters are greatly needed, and the committee much wish to place one at each important metropolitan cabstand—of which there are 120; but though the shelters are made as far self-supporting as possible when once erected, the fund can only keep the buildings in repair and working order, and cannot afford to build new ones. A shelter is much wanted on another rank in Piccadilly, and it is hoped that aid will be given towards the scheme. Each building, with fittings, costs from 140l. to 200l. Donations and subscriptions, as well as gifts of periodicals to amuse the cabmen, will be gratefully received by the hon. secretary, W. Macnamara, Esq., at the office, 15, Soho Square, or may be placed in the donation boxes at the shelters.

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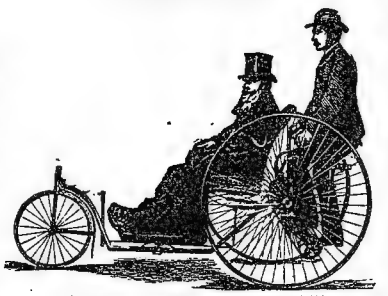
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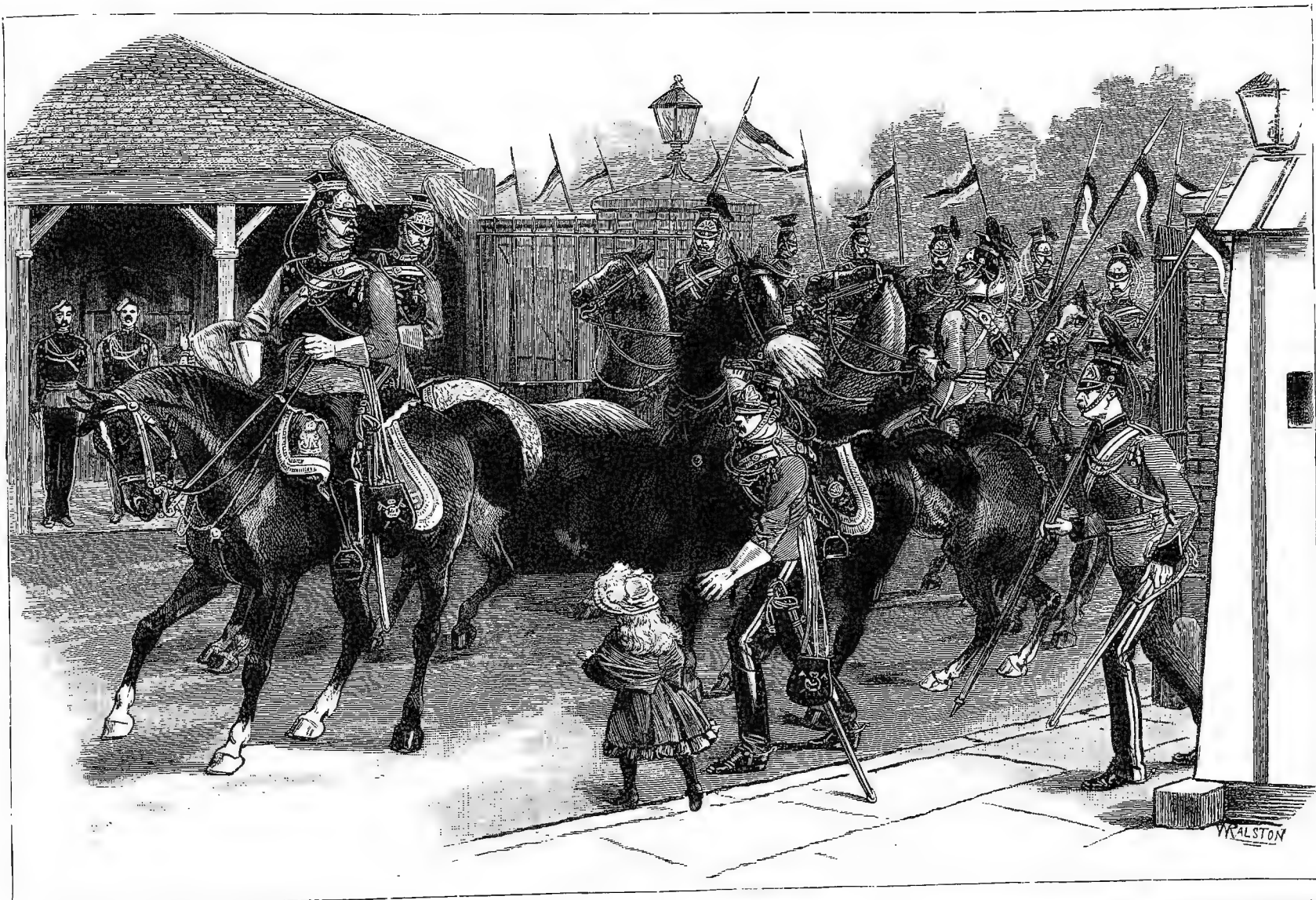
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BOOTLES' BABY: A NOVELETTE

By J. S. WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "CAVALRY LIFE" AND "REGIMENTAL LEGENDS"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RALSTON



CHAPTER III.

SOON as Bootles had a spare moment he made his way to the Adjutant's quarters, where he found Mrs. Gray playing with the mysterious baby.

"Oh, is that you, Captain Ferrers?" she exclaimed. "Come and see your waif. She is the dearest little thing. Why, I do believe she knows you."

Bootles whistled to the child, which promptly made a grab at his chain, and when he sat down on the sofa on which it was sprawling, tried very hard to get at the gold badge on his collar. Shoulder badges had not then come in.

"Mrs. Gray," Bootles said, "she's very well dressed, is she not?"

"Oh! very," Mrs. Gray answered, smoothing out the child's skirt, so as to display the fine and deep embroidery. "Unusually so. All its clothes are of the finest and most expensive description."

"I thought so; it don't look like a common child, eh?"

"Not at all," replied the lady, promptly.

"Well," Bootles told her, "I've been most unmercifully chaffed, which was only to be expected, but the Colonel takes my word about it, and, of course, the others don't matter. I can't think, though, why the mother has chosen me."

"Ah! well, you see, Captain Ferrers," said the Adjutant's wife, with a smile, "it is rather inconvenient sometimes."

"Oh, Bootles is in the regiment, and, naturally enough, the officers speak of it sometimes in society. 'Oh, Bootles is this and Bootles is that,' 'Bootles wouldn't turn a dog from his door,' 'Bootles would share his last sixpence with a poor chap who was down,' and so on. I have heard, Captain Ferrers, of your last sixpence with a poor chap who was down, and so on. I have heard of your standing up for," with a deeper smile, "the poor wretches called casuals; and if I hear it, why not others—why not the mother of this child?"

"True. But I think you all overrate my character," Bootles replied, modestly. "You know, I don't go in for being saintly at all."

"That is just it. If you did, you would have no more influence than Major Allardyce, whom every one laughs at. But you don't; you are one of yourselves, and yet you will always help a man who is down—you will do any unfortunate creature a good turn. Oh! I hear a good deal, though you choose to make light of it. And you know, Captain Ferrers, we are not told that the good Samaritan made a great spluttering about what he did; it was the professional saints, the Priest and the Levite, who passed by on the other side."

"You are very complimentary," Bootles said, blushing a little; "much more than I deserve, I'm sure. The fellows," laughing at the remembrance, "were much less merciful. Now about the child. Dawson suggests sending it to the police-station—the Colonel to the workhouse; and one means the other, of course."

Mrs. Gray caught the child to her breast, with a cry of dismay, and Bootles went on.

"Yes, I feel as you do about it. I can't do it, and that's all about it. It would be on my conscience all my life. Besides, some day the mother might come back for it, and though, of course, as the Colonel says, there is no claim upon me, yet, if for the sake of a few pounds I had turned the poor little thing adrift, ruined its life—why, I simply couldn't face her, and that's all about it. And besides that, Mrs. Gray, I have a lurking suspicion that the letter is genuine, although it was not written to or intended for me. It reads to me like the letter of a woman who was desperate."

"Yes; a woman must have been desperate indeed willingly to part with such a child as that," said Mrs. Gray, smoothing the golden baby-curly.

"So I think; for nature is nature all the world over," Bootles answered. "And besides, to tell you the honest truth, there is a resemblance in the child to some one I knew once—"

"Yes?" eagerly.

"Oh, no! not that. She is dead. She was engaged to a fellow I knew, desperately fond of him, and he—jilted her."

"Mr. Kerr?"

Bootles stared. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself, I think to ease his mind," she answered quietly.

"Ah! Well, it killed her. She died heart-broken. I saw her," he said, rising and going to the window, whence he stood staring out over the square, "a few hours after she died. That child's mother may look like that now, and I can't and won't turn it adrift whatever the fellows or any one else choose to think or say; and that's all about it."

Two bright tears gathered in Mrs. Gray's eyes, and, falling,

fell upon the baby's curls of gold—two priceless diamonds

from the unfathomable and exhaustless mines of

pity. For a moment or two there was silence,

broken at last by the child's laugh, as a ray of

sickly winter sunshine fell upon the glittering

chain in its little hands. The sound recovered

Bootles, who turned from the window.

"And so, Mrs. Gray," he said, carefully

avoiding the gaze of her wet

eyes, "I have determined to keep the

little girl; but Harkness, who's no

fool, you know, has convinced me that

it won't do to trust to any of the

barrack-women to look after her.

Therefore, if you won't mind under-

taking it for a few days, I will

advertise for a respectable elderly

nurse to take entire charge of

the creature. I daresay I can

arrange with Smithers for an

extra room, and you'll let me

come to you for advice now and

then, won't you?"

Mrs. Gray rose, and went

close to him, laying her hand

upon his arm. "Captain

Ferrers," she said, earnestly,

"you will have your reward.

God will bless you for this."

"Oh, please don't, Mrs. Gray,

Bootles stammered. "Really, I'd

rather you'd chaff me."

Mrs. Gray laughed outright. "Well,

you know what my sentiments are, so, for

the future, I will chaff you unmercifully.

Come in," she added, in a louder tone, as a "tap-tap"

sounded on the door.

The permission was followed by the entrance of Lucy, who came in with a pleasant "Good—er—

morning," and a soft laugh at the sight of the baby on the sofa.

"I—er—thought old Bootles would be here," he explained. "And besides—I—er—wanted to

see the babay. Seems to me, Bootles," he added, staring with an absurd air of reflective wisdom at

the infant, "as if the face is somehow familiar to me. Oh, I don't mean you—it ain't a Lit like

you—but there is a likeness, though I don't know where to plant it!"

"Perhaps it will grow," suggested Bootles.



"Ah! pewraps it will, and pewraps it won't. The worst of the affair is, that it is cweating a pweccedent"—not for worlds would he have admitted to his friend that he thought him the fine fellow he had declared him in the mess-room that morning—"and if we are *all* inundated with babays, I wreally don't know" (plaintively) "what the wregiment will come to."

"Gar—ah—gar—ah!" chuckled the subject of this speech over the gold knob at the top of Lucy's whip, "Cluck—cluck—cluck!"

"Little thing seems to find it a good joke any way," Lucy cried. "I'm a gwreat hand at nursing. Our adjutant's wife in the White Dwragoons had thwree—all at once. I say, Mrs. Gwray, stick it something on, and I'll take it out and show it wround."

"Dare you?" she asked.

"Dawre I? Just trwy. By the by, it's cold this morning—vewry cold."

Mrs. Gray therefore fetched the child's white coat and cap, and those other white woollen articles, which Bootles now discovered to be leggings, and quickly transformed the little woman into a sort of snowball. The two men watched the operation with intense interest.

"La figlia del wreggimento," laughed Lucy. "I declare, Bootles, she's quite a cweedit to us. I never saw such a 'petite mademoiselle.'"

Bootles started. It reminded him who it was that had been jilted by his friend and died for love. He had always called her Mademoiselle Mignon.

"Mademoiselle Mignon," he said, carelessly; "not a bad name for her."

"Vewry good," returned Lucy, preparing to present arms.

He proved himself a much better nurse than Bootles. He gathered the child on his left arm, and marched off to the anteroom, in front of which the officers were standing about waiting for lunch. They set up a shout at the sight of him, and crowded round to inspect the new importation. Mademoiselle Mignon bore the inspection calmly, conscious, perhaps—as she was such a knowing little person—of the effect of her big blue star-like eyes under the white fur of her cap.

"What a pity she ain't twenty years older," was the first comment, and it was said in such a tone of genuine regret that all the fellows laughed again. Miss Mignon gobbled with satisfaction.

"Seems a jolly little animal," said another.

"Chut—chut—chut!" remarked Miss Mignon.

"Never saw such a jolly little animal in all my life," asserted another voice.

"Pretty work she'll make in the regiment sixteen or seventeen years hence," grumbled old Garnet.

"Ah, well, nevah mind, Garnet—nevah you mind, Major Garnet, sir," cried Hartog, "we shall all be dead by then and—," but this being an exceedingly old and threadbare regimental joke was instantly snubbed in the face of the new and substantial one.

"Has it any teeth?" demanded Miles, the orderly officer for the day.

"Don't know. Open your mouth, little one," said Lucy, gravely.

At this point Miss Mignon made a delighted lunge in the direction of the belt across Miles's breast. Lucy shouted "Whoa, whoa," and Miles immediately backed out of reach. Miss Mignon's mouth went dimly down, until Lucy remembered the knob of his whip, and held it up for her delectation.

"Boo—boo!" she cried.

"By Jove! She can half say Bootles already," ejaculated Hartog. "And here he comes."

"Now then," Bootles called out. "Have any of you fellows made up your mind to own this little baggage?"

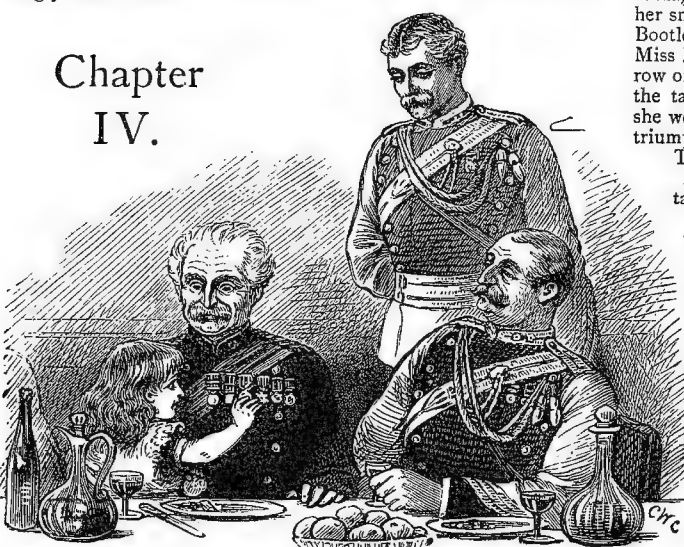
"No; none of us," they laughed; but one man, Gilchrist by name, said with a sneer he should rather think not, and added two unnecessary words—"workhouse brat!"

Bootles turned, and looked down upon him in profoundest contempt.

"My dear chap," he said, coolly, "to charge *you* with being the father of *that* child," pointing with his whip to the picture in Lucy's arms, "would be a compliment to your personal appearance which I should never, under any circumstances, have dreamt of paying you."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Hartog afterwards to Lucy, "Bootles is a regular good fellow—one of the best fellows in the 'world. I don't know that there's another I'd trust as far as or as thoroughly; but all the same, Bootles is sometimes best left alone, and, for my part, I think Gilchrist and every one else had best leave him alone about this youngster."

"Ya—as," returned Lucy; then began to laugh. "Oh! but it was fine, though, about 'personal appearance.' And then he added 'Ugly little beast.'"



Chapter IV.

It was not to be expected, and Bootles did not expect it, that the story of the mysterious little stranger would be confined to barracks. In fact, in the course of a few hours it had flown all over the town, gaining additions and alterations by the frequency of its repetition, until at last Bootles himself could hardly recognise it. A baby had been found in Captain Ferrers' rooms, no one knew where it had come from, nor to whom it belonged. Then—Captain Ferrers had rescued a young baby from a brutal father who was going to dash its brains out against the door-post. Then—Captain Ferrers had picked up a new-born infant while hunting with the Duke's hounds. Then—Captain Ferrers was suffering from mental aberration, or, to speak plainly, was getting a bit cracked, and had adopted a child a year old out of Idlemminster Workhouse. Then—it was really most romantic, but Captain Ferrers had been engaged to and jilted by a young lady long ago—which, of course, accounted for his being impervious to the fascinations of the Idlemminster girls—who had married, been deserted by her husband, and had now died, some versions of the story said "committed suicide," leaving him the charge of a baby, &c.

Some people told one version of the story and some people told another, but nobody blamed Bootles very much. It might be

because he was so rich and so handsome and pleasant—it might be because Idlemminster society was free from that leaven of censoriousness which causes most people to look at most things from the worst possible view.

But Bootles went on his serene way, telling the true state of the case to every one who mentioned the affair to him, and always ending, "And hang it, you know, it's a pretty little thing, and I *couldn't* send it to the workhouse."

He made no secret about it at all, and on the Saturday following the advent of the child an advertisement appeared in the *Idlemminster Chronicle* which made Idlemminster tongues clack for a week.

"Wanted immediately, a highly respectable and thoroughly experienced nurse of middle age, to take the entire charge of a child about a year old. Good wages to a suitable person.—Apply to Captain Ferrers, Scarlet Lancers."

In due time this advertisement produced the right sort of person, and a staid and respectable widow of about fifty was soon installed in a room next to Mr. Gray's quarters, in charge of Miss Mignon, as the child had already come to be called by everybody.

It was a charming child—strong and healthy, seemed to have no trouble with temper or teeth, hardly ever cried, and might be seen morning and afternoon being wheeled by its nurse in a baby-carriage about the barrack square or along the road outside the Broad Arrow boundaries. And so, as the weeks rolled by, and wore into months, it began to toddle about, and could say "Bootles" as plain as a pike-staff.

In April the Scarlet Lancers were moved from Idlemminster to Blankhampton. Here Bootles had to undergo a new experience. Every one took him for a widower on account of the child.

Bootles would explain. "Take her about with me? Yes, she likes it. Always wants to go when she sees the trap. A bother? Not a bit of it—the jolliest little woman in creation, and as good as gold. What am I going to do with her when she grows up? Well, Lucy says he is going to marry her. If he don't, somebody else will—no fear."

Taking it all round Miss Mignon had a remarkably good time of it, and seemed thoroughly to appreciate the pleasant places in which her lines had fallen. It was wonderful too what an immense favourite she was with "the fellows." At first she had been "Bootles' brat," but very soon that was dropped, and by the time she could toddle, which she did in very good time, no one thought of mentioning her, or of speaking to her, except as "Miss Mignon." Scarcely any of the officers dreamt for a moment of returning after a few days' leave without "taking along," as the Americans say, a box of sweets or a bundle of toys for Miss Mignon. Indeed, the young lady came to have such a collection that after a while Mrs. Nurse's patient soul arose, and, with Captain Ferrers' permission, all the discarded ones were distributed among the less fortunate children of the regiment.

But Miss Mignon's favourite plaything was Bootles himself—after Bootles, Lucy. People said it was wonderful, the depth of the affection between the big soldier of thirty-five and the little dot of a child, scarcely two. Bootles she adored, and where Bootles was she would be, if by hook or by crook she could convey her small person into his presence. Once she spied him turn in at the gates on the right hand of the Colonel, when the regiment was returning from a field day, and, escaping from her nurse's hand, set off as hard as she could run in the direction of the band which immediately preceded the commanding officer. Mrs. Nurse gave chase, but, alas! Mrs. Nurse was stout, and had the ill-luck, moreover, to come a cropper over a drain-tile lying conveniently in her way, while the child, unconscious of danger, ran straight for Bootles. Neither Bootles nor Lucy, who was on the Colonel's left, perceived her until she was close upon them, waving her small hands, and shouting in her shrill and joyous child's voice: "Bootles! Bootles!"

It seemed to Bootles, as he looked past the Colonel, that the child was almost under the hoofs of Lucy's charger. "Lucy!" he called out, "Lucy!" But Lucy was already on the ground, and caught Miss Mignon out of harm's way, but when he turned round he saw that his friend's face was as white as chalk.

As for the Colonel, when he saw Mrs. Nurse gathering herself up with rueful looks at the drain-tile, he could not help laughing, and Miss Mignon chimed in as if it was the finest joke in the world.

"That was a smash," she remarked, from her proud position on Lucy's shoulder, "just like Humpty Dumpty," a comment which gave the estimable Mrs. Nurse the name of Mrs. Humpty Dumpty as long as she remained with the regiment.

A few weeks after this the annual inspection came off, and Miss Mignon, resenting the lengthened absence of her Bootles, again managed to escape from her nurse, and pattered boldly, as fast as her small feet would carry her, right in to the mess-room, where Bootles was sitting, just opposite the General, at the late lunch. Miss Mignon, not seeing him at first, wandered coolly behind the row of scarlet-clad backs, until she spied him at the other side of the table. Then, having no awe whatever of inspecting-officers, she wedged herself in between his chair and the Colonel's, with a triumphant and joyous laugh.

The General gave a great start, and the Colonel laughed. Bootles, in dismay, jumped up, and came quickly round the table to take her away.

"Well, you little rogue," said the Colonel, reaching a nectarine for her. "What do you want?"

"I wanted Bootles, sir," said Miss Mignon confidentially. "And nurse falled asleep, so I took French leave." Almost the only peculiarity in her speech was the habit of making all verbs regular.

"And who are you, my little maid?" the General asked in extreme amusement.

"Oh; I'm Miss Mignon," with dignity.

The old General fairly chuckled with delight, and as he had put his arm round the child, Bootles, who was standing behind, could not very well take her away.

"Oh, Miss Mignon—hey? And who do you belong to?"

"Why to Bootles," in surprise at his ignorance.

"To Bootles? And who is Bootles?"

"Bootles is Bootles, and I love him," Miss Mignon replied, as if that settled everything.

"Happy Bootles," cried the old soldier.

"What a lot of medals you've got," cried Miss Mignon, pressing closer.

"I'm afraid, sir, she is troubling you," Bootles interposed at this point, but secretly delighted with the turn affairs had taken.

"No, no, let her see my medals," replied the General, who was as proud of his medals as Bootles of Miss Mignon.

"Are you a 'sir,' too?" Miss Mignon asked, gazing at the handsome old man with more respect.

"What *does* she mean?" he cried.

Bootles laughed. "Well, sir, she hears us speak to the Colonel so—that is all."

"Dear me! What a remarkably intelligent and attractive child," exclaimed the General quietly. "How old is she?"

"About two, sir."

Now it happened that the old General had a craze for absolute accuracy, and he caught Bootles up with pleasant sharpness.

"Oh! Does that mean more or less?"

"I can't say, sir. She is about two. I do not know the date of her birth."

"Then she is not yours?"

"I am not her father, sir, but at present she belongs to me," Bootles said smiling. "I'm afraid—"

"Not at all, but perhaps she had better go. What a charming child!" This last was perhaps because Miss Mignon, finding her time had come—and she never made a fuss on such occasions—put two soft arms round his neck, and gave him such a genuine hug of friendship that the old man's heart was quite taken by her storm.

So Miss Mignon was carried off—looking back to the last over Bootles' shoulder, and waving her adieu to the handsome old man, who had such a fascinating array of clasps and medals.

"I didn't quite understand—what relation is the child to him?" he asked of the Colonel.

"None whatever. Ferrers found her late one night in his bed with her wardrobe, and a letter from the mother, written as if Ferrers was the father. He, however, gave me his word of honour that he knew nothing about it, and some of us think the whole affair was simply a plant, as he is known to be a very kind-hearted fellow. Others, however, Ferrers amongst them, think that note and child were intended for one of the others. Nobody, however, would own to it, and Ferrers has kept the child ever since—I don't suppose he would part with her now for anything. I wanted him, to send her to the workhouse, but 'tis a jolly bright little soul, and I am glad he did not."

"Then he is not married?"

"Oh dear no. He pays a woman fifty pounds a year to look after her, and all her meals go from the mess. In fact, he is bringing her up as if she were his own, and the child adores him—simply adores him."

"I respect that man," said the General warmly. "It is an awful thing for a child to be reared in a workhouse—awful."

"Yes. Bootles feels very strongly on the subject," replied the Colonel absently.

By the time Bootles returned the officers had risen from the table, and he met the guests and the seniors just entering the ante-room.

"I'll shake hands with you, Captain Ferrers, if you please," said the General cordially. "I agree with you that it is an awful thing for a child to be brought up in a workhouse. It is a subject upon which I feel very strongly—very strongly. A child reared as a pauper does not start in the world with a fair chance. I have met so often in the course of my military experience with recruits bred in the unions—I never knew one do well. No, pauperism is ground into them, and they are never able to shake it off."

"Well, sir, that is my opinion," said Bootles modestly. "I hope, though, you won't think my little maid is often so obtrusive as to-day. She is really always very good."

"A charming little child," replied the General, as if he meant it, too, and then he shook hands with Bootles again.

(To be continued)



"TIE AND TRICK; a Melodramatic Story" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is a great advance upon Mr. Hawley Smart's former novels. The story it tells, with a decidedly melodramatic or operatic personage for a central figure—at once a polished man of the world with a place in Society, and a king of brigands about Naples and Amalfi—is really interesting, and, despite its subject, original. Moreover, style and construction are alike improved. The latter indeed is excellent, the plot being carried on by means of singularly few characters well developed and kept in hand; and, as to the style, Mr. Smart is content with writing sufficiently good English, without emulating the peculiarities of the typical "own correspondent" for sports and pastimes. Indeed he rather pokes fun at the enthusiast of the turf in the person of Jim Glanfield, who even makes love in sporting phraseology minus the quotations from the Eton Syntax. The book is lively from first to last, with plenty of incident, always of a simple and elementary order, but none the less effective for that; and, though a happy ending is a foregone conclusion, curiosity as to the next move in the game and the nature of the *dénouement* is unflinchingly kept alive. The characters are all of a conventional pattern, and therefore give no trouble to understand them—the modern English squire, the young man who always goes straight, the other young man who always goes crooked and cheats at cards, the lively widow, the model heroine, the old butler, the brigand Count, and so on. But all are amusing acquaintances, and Mr. Smart's readers are certainly not the people to tire of them soon.

"Kate Valliant," by Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), also shows advance on the part of its author, and is comparatively free from the consequences of slovenliness and hurry. There is no occasion to repeat what has now been said many times over in respect of Mrs. Cudlip's merits as a novelist, or of her shortcomings, which are not a few. While, in the present case, faithful to her well-known characteristics, her readers will be glad to learn that the merits are more pronounced and the shortcomings fewer than usual. The story itself is careful and coherent, and there are characters, such as the two maiden ladies, and the selfish Leonard Valliant, which are really excellent examples of observation and humorous portraiture.

Mr. Robert Buchanan is a novelist of genius, who has written some of the finest works of fiction of our time, and occasionally amuses himself, we can only assume, by showing the world how badly a man of genius can write if he tries. "Stormy Waters: A Story of To-Day" (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell), is a supreme example of this class of Mr. Buchanan's literary pastimes, and demonstrates that practice does really enable a man to approach perfection. Perhaps it requires as much genius to produce absolutely perfect rubbish as to produce perfection in the other direction. As for tracing the hand that wrote those really great works, "The Shadow of the Sword" and "God and the Man," and that, only the other day, with such terrible power laid bare the whole soul of a sinner in "Foxglove Manor," such a thing cannot be done. Mr. Buchanan no doubt made an error of judgment in thinking that the story of his sensational play "A Sailor and his Lass" could be converted, as it stands, into a sensational novel. The utter unreality of all the characters and the staginess of all the incidents are the most striking features in a work written by one whose knowledge of human nature and whose power of reproducing all its harmonies and discords have few rivals. Bald talk and slipshod English come strangely from one of our masters in poetry and prose. All this is very sadly grotesque; but there is comfort in reflecting that Mr. Buchanan, having done his worst, has no more worlds left in that direction to conquer, and will content himself with his proper mission—that of letting us know that the giants of fiction are not all dead and gone.

The authoress of "The House on the Marsh" has, unless we are greatly mistaken, done as much for fame as she is capable of doing. Of course she may have misjudged the line of fiction for which she is most adapted, and may hereafter discover her appropriate direction. But at present the evidence of "A Dog With a Bad Name," by Florence Warden (3 vols.: R. Bentley and Son), goes only to prove that she wrote herself out in a single work, and that her talent is not that of composing novels. Anything more hopeless in its way than "A Dog With a Bad Name" it is not easy to imagine. It is as bad a piece of construction as ever was made, which is saying a great deal, and shows exceptional ignorance of

how stories ought to be put together, if not an incapacity for learning. Indeed it seems more than doubtful if the authoress has ever heard tell of such an art, while it is certain that she has never realised its necessity. Her characters and incidents all seem experimental, as if she hoped something might come out of them somehow, but as if her solitary conviction was that, having written one novel by some fortunate accident, she was under some vague obligation to publish another, and trusted to the chapter of chances to favour the bold. The result is a slipshod muddle, in which interest is out of the question.

English fiction is neither so scanty in quantity nor so high in quality that we require, or can afford to receive, such importations as "Anna, the Professor's Daughter," by Marie Daal, translated from the Dutch by Colonel Charles Müller (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). And, in particular, we have had quite enough Dutch novels of late to satisfy all lovers of the dull for some time to come. It is no doubt the correct thing to praise those learned romances in which Miss Wallis takes all the life out of history; but the line had best, for the present, be drawn there. "Anna," professing to be a *Tendenz-Roman*, written to inculcate kindness to animals and to advance the emancipation of women, is a piece of childish silliness, several degrees below the silliest specimens of our native manufacture. It is slightly amusing, however, owing to the vagaries of the translator, who makes his heroine open the piano and "perambulate" a romance of Schumann, and for whose style "English as she spoke" appears to have been the model.



THE Paris and London seasons have now fairly commenced, and although wars and rumours of wars have cast a gloom over our country, still there are many balls, public and private, weddings, Drawing Rooms, and other festivities on the cards for this month, and well it should be so, as a means of removing the depression in trade which has been felt throughout the winter season.

Some important changes have been made in Court dresses this season; the richest materials and some very startling designs, leaves and flowers on a large scale, such as bay leaves, cactus leaves and blossoms, magnolias, pomegranates, and fruits are now worn. One of the leading novelties of the season, which comes from Paris, is Byzantine gauze; it is made in a mixture of dull colourings after the antique, brick-reds and old golds, greens and stones artistically blended, sometimes in squares, with conventional flowers and designs. This gauze is only used for the petticoat; the train and bodice are made of velvet or brocade silk in one of the sombre colours of the gauze petticoat. As we anticipated some months ago, satin and silk petticoats with hand-painted flowers are very fashionable. Some of these painted flowers are so well done that it is scarcely possible to distinguish them from the natural flowers with which the costumes are now trimmed. Bouquets had arrived at such enormous sizes as to be a burthen rather than a pleasure to their owners. A complete change has now taken place; flowers of the season are tied up into the posies of which the poets used to sing and rhyme. All the supports and stiffness of the past bouquets are dispensed with; the flowers are arranged to look as though fresh gathered from the hedgerow or garden; the stalks are left visible, loosely tied with a satin ribbon to match the colour of the costume. The flowers which will last the longest without fading in a heated atmosphere are lilies of the valley, marguerites, primroses, daffodils, mignonette, lilac, laburnum, May blossom, roses, especially if only half open when first put on. Ferns, watercress, shamrock, and a variety of brilliant-hued leaves, together with orchids, which are usually brought up in houses at a high temperature, are very lasting.

Green in a great variety of shades is the most fashionable colour for this month, from the richest myrtle and bronze to the palest moss, and the new tint known as Chartreuse, which closely resembles the old-fashioned straw colour, with a greenish hue pervading it. Yellow in many shades is equally in favour; a rich cream tint mixed with gold thread looks remarkably soft and pretty. Under the name of terra-cotta may be included a number of shades which bear not the slightest resemblance to the clay from which they take their title. Mauve and wood violet are much worn. A most exquisite costume was recently worn at a grand ball in Paris; over a skirt of pale mauve tulle, studded with violets, with a deep fringe of violets on the hem, a bodice and train of violet velvet. In the hair was an aigrette of violets and roses, with a clasp of diamonds and rubies; bouquet to match on the shoulder. A young blonde wore a very charming dress of white satin and tulle, with small bouquets of real lilies of the valley and their green leaves, the only touch of colour to be seen. Ladies with any taste and skill can make up their own posies at a comparatively moderate cost, as lilies of the valley may be had in large bunches for a few shillings, as may also violets, primroses, wall flowers, and other spring blossoms.

Again comes the announcement that simplicity is to be the order of the day for ordinary wear, and certainly a little judicious economy would not be out of place just now, and a good example set by our leaders of fashion might produce very excellent results. The extreme of neatness is represented by a perfectly plain skirt made very full and put in at the waist with close pleats, the chief fulness at the back. With this style of skirt a tournure, unless very judiciously graduated, is very awkward, and should be replaced by a petticoat of moreen, made with close flutings. A trifle less severe is a costume made with a draped tunic which may be trimmed with woollen lace, outlined with bone or ivory beads, which are amongst the novelties of the season, and have a very original and stylish effect, especially in the self-coloured ivory on fine serge or canvas cloth of the same hue trimmed with yak lace, a material which has been out of fashion for some time past, but is now quite the rage in Paris. Both in wool and in silk gauze semi-transparent materials have been prepared for this season, and will be the leading fabrics. Sometimes velvet stripes are arranged in one or more colours on a black or neutral ground; this material can be cut in strips of from three inches to a quarter of a yard deep, and run on to a plain woollen material to form a trimming for the skirt and tunic. To make up for the plain, sombre appearance of the unadorned skirt, ribbons, in endless variety, are adopted. We have them in fancy gauze, in velvet, gold, and silver, put on at all available points.

Soft silks are worn where drapery is used, and as yet the plain skirts are more talked about than worn. The manner of making skirts may be divided into two comprehensive styles, with their respective variations. First, the skirt made with close pleats and quite round an upper skirt, draped at the back; with this is worn a handsomely-trimmed or braided jacket, *à la militaire*, or with a natty little waistcoat. The second style is made plain in the front and on the hips, but fully draped at the back, and ornamental panels at the sides, the tablier and vest of a different material to the rest of the costume; short jacket of the Zouave form handsomely beaded or braided; pointed Swiss band.

A word *en passant* as to the costumes prepared for confirmation, which must be of the simplest description, as all display should be avoided on this solemn occasion. The costume should be composed of muslin made with a plain skirt, a simple gathered bodice with a

plain satin waistband; a small tulle veil to cover the face and fall in graceful folds over the shoulders.

The form of mantelet most in vogue this season is short, and arranged in full pleats at the back with long ends in the front; it is elaborately trimmed with beads, *passementerie*, lace, and chenille. For chilly weather there are redingotes of velvet and brocade silk.

For this showery month a very necessary garment is a waterproof, the lighter the better; they are made as a rule in three colours, red shot with silver grey, brown shot with gold, and blue with white.

What can we say of the hats and bonnets of the period? They are for the most part hopelessly ugly and heavy. A pretty little face under a hat overloaded with trimming is utterly spoilt. Take, for example, the shape which is made with two very high points in front, divided in half, and filled up with gauze, velvet, and watered ribbon arranged in large fussy bows, finished off with an aigrette of marabout and ostrich feather tips; the impression produced is that the wearer must be suffering much under the crushing weight. There are some capotes of more moderate dimensions, which give promise that very soon—as with the giant bouquets—we may see less exaggerated hats and bonnets. The chief distinction between the two leading types of bonnets are those with strings and those without; the shape known as "Manon," when not too large, is becoming to a young face when made of soft lace, tulle, and small plumes of what are called in Paris *chandelles*, very light, feathery ornaments. For young married matrons bonnets are made of gold trellis-work trimmed with humming birds in their natural lovely plumage, or gilded imitations of them. Velvet flowers are much worn, and look very rich, as are gold and silver lace, lace embroidered in steel beads, and variegated bugles. The hats have very high crowns, and are trimmed with fancy gauze, or *faïlle*, feathers and flowers *ad libitum*. Satin straw has a very good effect. For the sake of our feathered songsters it is much to be regretted that birds are again fashionable; the little brown-plumaged creatures of our woods and fields are dyed and trimmed to represent the brilliant hues and forms of the birds of foreign climes.

A very foolish fashion has been introduced in Paris for parasols, which, with a total disregard for comfort or the complexion, are made semi-transparent, so that the sun may penetrate through the lace and gauze and throw a becoming hue over the skin, which, however, must suffer from the piercing rays, and the natural result will be tan and freckles.

Diamonds, rubies, and sapphires are worn so profusely that we are led to think that the "facets" and other excellent imitations are accessories to these elaborate displays. How could it be otherwise when a French duchess wears a band of diamonds across her shoulder, the back of her satin dress fastened with diamonds, long diamond fern leaves and foxgloves in her hair, and a magnificent dog collar of sapphires set in diamonds?



To our knowledge of the Indo-Chinese peninsula the author of "Across Chrysé" makes a valuable addition in "Amongst the Shans" (Field and Tuer). Mr. Colquhoun has received assistance from Mr. Holt S. Hallett, who contributes to the volume an historical sketch of the Shans, and from M. Terrien de Lacouperie, who writes an introduction on "The Cradle of the Shan Race." The Shans, as the author tells us, are an industrious people, with strong commercial instincts, and their country is rich in minerals, especially gold. Timber abounds there, and the land is fitted by nature to become the granary of Asia. Mr. Colquhoun does not want the country to fall a prey to French aggression, and is anxious that it should be opened up more effectually than it is at present to English manufactures and enterprise. His scheme is, in the first instance, to construct a railway from Moumein (British Burmah), on the Gulf of Martaban, to Zimmé, in the Shan country. Zimmé, a town of 100,000 inhabitants, will ultimately be connected with Bangkok, the population of this latter city being estimated at 500,000. This railway could be constructed at a comparatively small cost, and its near neighbour, the Irrawaddy Valley line, is the best paying in India. Yet the railway from Rangoon to Promé has to contend with some competition from the river steamers. From Zimmé Mr. Colquhoun proposes to continue his line to Kiang Tsen. Thus the wealth of the southern interior of China might be tapped. Besides advocating his engineering proposal, the author tells us much that is new and interesting about the Shans and their customs, the scenery and architecture of their country. His volume is made more instructive also by over fifty whole-page illustrations, which are certainly creditable to the physiognomical characteristics of the Shan race.

Major A. B. Ellis, 1st West India Regiment, provides the public in "West African Islands" (Chapman and Hall) with information in a racy and amusing fashion. He treats of St. Helena, Ascension, Fernando Po, the Isles of Los, St. Vincent, Goree, and so on. He has evidently seen more than most men of some unpleasant parts of the earth's surface—we presume in the performance of public duties. His buoyant humour has, however, enabled him to extract fun out of the most unpleasant surroundings. He is a little hard on the missionaries, against whom he brings rather damaging charges, and of whom he met at least one remarkably unfavourable specimen. With reference to this gentleman he tells one of his most piquant anecdotes. In fact, some of Major Ellis's stories do not at all tend to edification, and in their broad humorousness may perhaps be found the best explanation of the author's attitude towards missionary labour. Apart from this, however, he undoubtedly does enable us to understand better the effect on coast Africans of contact with a certain form of European civilisation. "West African Islands" is published opportunely now that the Western littoral of the erstwhile Dark Continent is exciting the cupidity of almost every European State.

"M. M." translates from the Dutch of Charles Boissevain the "Story of the Life and Aspirations of L. R. Koolenmans Beynen" (Sampson Low). Few folk in this country probably know who Beynen was. He was a young Dutch naval officer. He aspired throughout his life to arouse in his countrymen their old enthusiasm for maritime adventure. The names and deeds of Tromp and Barents were seldom absent from his thoughts. Twice he accompanied Sir Allen Young in the *Pandora* to the Polar Seas, and that distinguished commander remarked to him, "Beynen, you are a distinguished commander of a boy!" As a midshipman he served in the Acheen Expedition, and his letters home from the East are full of boyish ardour and picturesque descriptions of scenery. The East was finally fatal to him. His brain became seriously affected, and he died by his own hand not far from Labuan. He was an earnest advocate of Arctic adventure, looking on it as the best school for daring seamanship. As the record of a life of lofty purpose and simple hardihood, informed by generous sympathies, M. Boissevain's little book may be read with profit. The reader will rise from the perusal of the memoir with a warm admiration for Beynen, so soon cut short in the beginning of a career so full of promise.

Messrs. Longmans publish "The Strange Career of the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont," by Captain J. Buchan Telfer, R.E. The question of the sex of the Chevalier or Chevalière is still left doubtful; and one is no nearer forming a conclusion after reading Captain

Telfer's volume than before. The subject of the memoir led a life of varied adventure, being some time engaged on a secret mission at the Russian Court during the reigns of Elizabeth and Catherine II. For a period, too, he was, at the close of the Seven Years' War, employed as Minister Plenipotentiary from France to Great Britain. He or she was of amiable disposition, of indefatigable industry, and free from many of the vices of the aristocracy of the eighteenth century. D'Eon was an intelligently devout Roman Catholic. The book before us is too much of a compilation, and is therefore lacking in interest as a narrative. Still it throws a light behind the scenes of European diplomacy in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Samuel Hughan, in "Hereditary Peers and Paupers" (Swan Sonnenschein), discusses in dialogue form the two extremes of English society. The conversation is maintained between an American gentleman and an English lady. They both talk with perfect frankness, and are evidently both permeated by Socialistic teaching. "How savagely you do attack England," says the lady; "you seem to see no beauty in her whatever." The gentleman replies, "It is because England so arrogantly calls attention to her beauty and perfections that I have no patience with her. She is continually posing before the world as if she were justice and loveliness personified. But let us tear aside this beautiful mask. As against the beauty of those English homes, which has become proverbial, let us set the poverty and squalor of those—'homes,' shall we call them?—in which live her labouring poor. I grant you that her country seats, her lawns, her parks, her palaces, are indeed things to go into raptures over—a very paradise for those who own them. But what is the condition of the great bulk of her population? Every thirteenth family beggars, and every tenth family continually trembling on the verge of beggary. This, too, in a country into which the entire wealth of the world seems to be precipitating itself." Altogether we cannot congratulate Mr. Hughan on the originality of his thought, but on the whole his book is readable.

"Sport," published by Chapman and Hall, is the title of a work by the late Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport dealing with fox-hunting, salmon-fishing, covert-shooting, and deer-stalking. It is profusely and charmingly illustrated by Lieut.-General Henry Hope Crealocke, C.B., C.M.G. Each subject is made entertaining by personal adventure and lively reminiscence. Mr. Davenport's narrative of how he landed a Norwegian salmon, 45 lbs. in weight, is particularly bright. He introduces his theme thus:—"It is this river Rauma out of which I want my reader to catch a salmon, or see me catch one. It flows down the middle of the valley, not as Scotch rivers, London or Dublin porter-hued, but clear, bright, and translucent as crystal. Here, amid such scenes, with this glorious stream rushing tumultuously in a sort of semicircle round me, thus giving me some half-a-dozen salmon pools, each within about 200 yards of the house, have I provided myself with a dwelling and an estate, partly for sake of the sport, and partly to have another string to my bow, some refuge, even in Republican Norway, from the possible legislation of constitutional England, where inability to pay the heavy bill for 'unearned increment,' which in my case has been running for some 900 years, may cause my family estates to be handed over to somebody else."

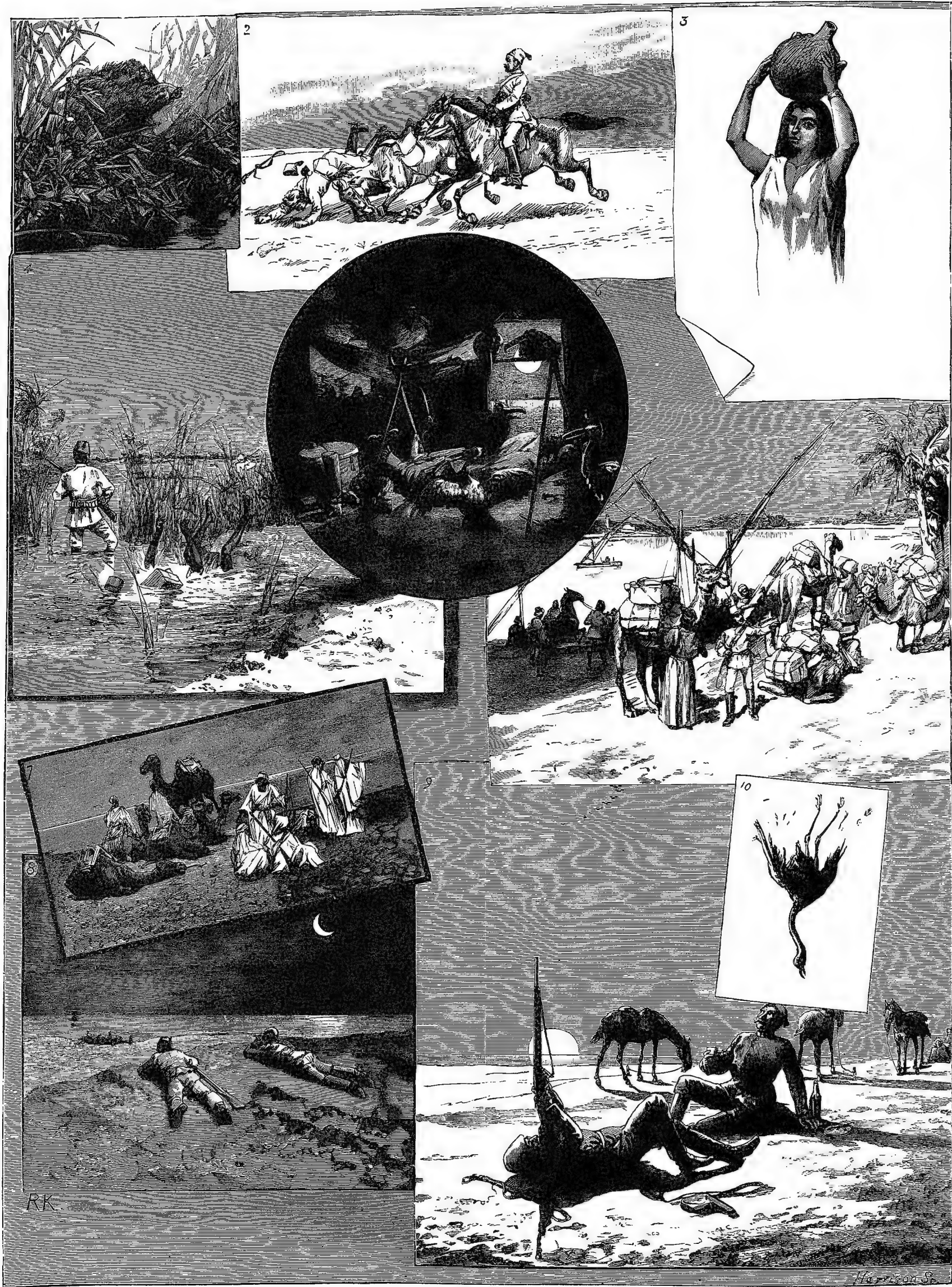
Mr. R. S. de C. Laffan, in "Aspects of Fiction" (Field and Tuer), seems to have acted fairly up to the ideal of the motto from Balzac printed on the title-page, "Comment plaire à la fois au poète, au philosophe, et aux masses qui veulent la poésie et la philosophie sous de saisissantes images." The work is put in the form of a conversation between men of varying types and different degrees of culture. The following quotation is a fair specimen of the matter in Mr. Laffan's book:—"Indeed, the scientific character of the modern novel is, to my mind, nowhere so clearly manifest as in its treatment of character as a process of evolution determined by the action and re-action of mental and spiritual organism and environment. The laws of character development can only be ascertained by the most minute analysis both of the organism and its environment, combined with the most patient observation of the action of the one upon the other. It is just because the modern novel in its highest developments sets itself to this work in the spirit of scientific research, that it has acquired the hold which it possesses over thinking men, who would turn aside impatiently from any mere idealistic romance. 'Then,' put in the Rector, 'your view of modern fiction is that it is not an art at all, but a science, and a science of pure observation.'" Altogether, the subject of the work is an interesting one, and the author cannot be accused of treating it in an uninteresting fashion.

Mr. Haws and other enthusiasts of the violin should be grateful to Mr. E. Heron-Allen for his "Violin-Making, As it Was and Is" (Ward, Lock, and Co.). This book is an historical, practical, and theoretical treatise on the science and art of violin-making, and is intended for the use of violin-makers and players, whether professional or amateur. It is lavishly illustrated. The author pursues his subject back to the year B.C. 1700, and to the tomb of Osirtasen I., the Pharaoh who probably protected Joseph, and thence comes down to our own times. He evidently thoroughly understands the whole scope of his subject, and has spared no pains to make his work a standard one. We may congratulate Mr. Heron-Allen on the result of his labours.

"A Popular Hand Book to New Zealand," by Arthur Clayden, F.R.C.I. (Wyman and Sons). In this compact volume of some 230 pages, published at the moderate price of half-a-crown, Mr. Clayden, who is a New Zealand colonist and a well-known advocate of emigration, has published a very practical guide to the "Britain of the South." The book contains all the usual information, statistical and otherwise, and is especially instructive on the subject of purchasing land, but its chief merit in our eyes is that it is apparently fair and impartial in its statements. Colonial guide books are too often remarkable for the *couteur de rose* view with which everything is suffused; whereas Mr. Clayden boldly indicates the drawbacks as well as the advantages of colonial existence. The drawbacks seem in some measure due to the number of shiftless, vicious, and altogether unsuitable persons who seek their fortunes abroad. These persons not only give the colonies a bad name, but impress some of their most unpleasant characteristics on the society there. What is wanted is a systematic scheme for transferring, by means of State aid, industrious members of the working classes from these overcrowded islands to the Southern hemisphere. The Old Country would soon get her money back with interest, as these emigrants would speedily become profitable customers in her markets. Would not this be better than sinking our treasure and wasting precious lives in the Soudan deserts?

"Musical History," by G. A. Macfarren (A. and C. Black). This little book consists of a somewhat elaborated article written for the current edition of "The Encyclopedia Britannica," and, although short enough to be read at a single sitting, it contains, as one would expect from such an authority as Sir George Macfarren, a large amount of information on all the questions necessary to be treated of in an introduction to the study of music. Dealing first with the history of the development of Musical Composition, it passes in review the characteristics of the work of all the great Masters, and concludes with a carefully-prepared list of the writers and performers of music in all ages. It is amusing to note the easy dismissal of the controversy as to the position of Richard Wagner as a musical composer with the remark that differing from other commotions caused in the world of Art by the rivalry of one composer with another, in this case "it is the opposition of one writer to all the musicians in the world."

Of new editions "Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench for 1885" (Dean and Son) contains, this year, amongst the



1. A Native of Brulos Lake.—2. The Effect of Treading on a Jelly-Fish.—3. "Where are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?"—4. Snipe-Shooting at Damietta: Sudden Disappearance of Boy with Luncheon.—5. After Ten "Egyptian Cocktails" I Suffer from Nightmare.—6. The Start from Rosetta.—7. A Band of Bedouin Smugglers Waiting for the Arrival of a Boat.—8. Watching a Suspicious Boat.—9. A Long Shot at a Flamingo: Ten to One on the Bird.—10. The Result.

A TRIP ALONG THE COAST OF EGYPT ON COASTGUARD DUTY



A NOVEL PONY RACE

usual items of Parliamentary information an alphabetical list of the constituencies proposed to be created under the Redistribution Bill, together with the lists of existing boroughs that are affected by the Bill. The various alterations in the Parliamentary *personnel* since the last edition bring the work completely up to date.—The "Official Year Book of the Church of England" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) has now reached its third year of publication. The book, which contains a huge mass of information relating to every branch of the Established Church, has been subjected to careful and detailed revision, and has been brought up to the most recent date; an additional feature being summaries of the work of the Church in Ireland, Scotland, and America.—We have also to acknowledge "The Medical Register for 1885" and "The Dentists' Register," published under the direction of the General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom, and "The Electricians' Directory, with Handbook, for 1885" (The *Electrician* Office, 1, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C.). This last work, besides the usual directorial details, contains much valuable matter respecting dynamos, telegraphy, electric lighting, &c., together with a biographical section, giving portraits and interesting information concerning the leading scientific men of the world.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor has contributed to Messrs. Longman and Co.'s "Knowledge" Library, "How to Play Whist." His object is to simplify for learners much that has been more abstrusely put in former whist manuals. "Learners," he says, "are deterred by multitudinous rules for leading from such and such hands, but grasp at once the rules for leading such and such cards. . . . In less than half-an-hour, by the method supplied here, the right card to lead and the right meaning of each can be fully learned." Mr. Proctor seems to have succeeded in what he has aimed at, and his book will be a boon to those who wish to acquire easily a fair knowledge of whist.

Mr. Frederick E. Fenton has translated for Messrs. Cassell's "Fine Art Library," "Artistic Anatomy," by Mathias Duval. This book has been written with a view to enable the artist "to analyse through the skin, as through a transparent veil, the action of the parts which produce the forms, with their infinite variety of character and movement." "Artistic Anatomy" will be invaluable to the painter and sculptor who desire to penetrate beneath the surface of their art.

"Glass Painting" (Wyman and Sons), by Fred. Miller, is a handy little manual. It is a course of instruction, clearly written, as to the various methods of painting glass. It should be found useful by students of this interesting art.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

IN the early days of telephony, when experimental trials were being made with the new apparatus all over the kingdom, and when the ordinary telegraph lines were temporarily utilised for the purpose, the great difficulty in the way of the operators was the impossibility of avoiding induced currents of electricity from neighbouring wires. If, for example, the line being used for speech ran parallel with another wire over which Morse signals were being transmitted in the usual code, the tapplings of that form of signalling could be distinctly heard, and could be deciphered by any one familiar with the Morse alphabet. Indeed, it was long ago proposed to play the eavesdropper in this way with military telegraphs in order to discover the secrets of an enemy. A very clever application of this principle is exemplified in the method of telegraphing to and from railway trains in motion which has been devised by Mr. L. I. Phelps, and which has lately formed the subject of some successful experiments at New York. Briefly described, the apparatus employed consists of a line wire supported on the sleepers midway between the two rails, and joined up with telephonic instruments at the stations in the ordinary way. Suspended below a travelling telegraphic carriage is a 2-inch iron pipe, placed in such a way that it is parallel to, and only a few inches above, the stationary line wire. In this pipe is a rubber tube containing a coil of insulated wire, connected with certain apparatus in the travelling car to which it is fixed. Part of this apparatus consists of a vibrating contact breaker, which keeps up a continual buzzing, and this buzzing is broken up into longs and shorts by a Morse key, the signals being plainly heard and understood in the receiving telephones at the stations in connection with the line wire. The utility of such a system of signalling in the prevention of accidents is obvious.

A new process for purifying water has been lately published in a Continental journal. A small quantity of liquid perchloride of iron is added to the water, and after a few hours a larger quantity of lime water. The result is a copious precipitate, which carries with it not only mechanical impurities, but removes nearly the whole of any organic matter which may be present, leaving the supernatant water clear and fit for drinking purposes.

Liquid fuel for steam-boilers forms the subject of many patents, but the system has not until lately been tried for fire-engine furnaces. From recent experiments at Brooklyn it would seem that petroleum is a far more serviceable fuel for this purpose than coal. It is not only cheaper (this, of course, is a question of locality), but it raises steam more quickly than coal. An engine can carry enough of this new fuel to last for five or six hours' consumption, and it will throw out no sparks. Opposed to these obvious advantages are the dangers of storage and handling such an inflammable agent.

"Accidental Explosions produced by Non-Explosive Liquids" is the title of a most interesting discourse recently delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor Abel, and perhaps its most valuable portion was that relating to the mineral oil lamps in such common use in the present day. He pointed out the causes of those lamp accidents which have in so many cases produced fatal results, and suggested precautions for their prevention. Among these precautions we may note the following: A partially filled lamp should not be carried about or rapidly moved, as an explosive mixture of oil vapour and air might be generated, and flame be communicated to the reservoir. Sudden cooling by exposure to draught, or by blowing down the chimney to extinguish the flame, may lead to the same result. If the wick is kept too low the lamp is liable to get overheated, and the tendency to explosion is increased. The wick should be loosely plaited, and entirely fill the channel provided for it; it should, too, be thoroughly dried before being used. The lecture was illustrated by explosions of small quantities of liquids not explosive in themselves, but rendered so under certain conditions which happily can be avoided by exercising proper care.

Many means have been from time to time suggested for preventing the formation or promoting the removal of scale from steam boilers, this incrustation being inseparable from the use of hard water. Some experimenters in France have shown that by passing an electric current through a boiler—in what particular form is not stated—the lime is caused to fall in a powdery condition.

Mr. E. H. Francis, in a contribution to the Chemical Society, points out that filter paper immersed in nitric acid of a particular strength, and washed in water, is toughened in a remarkable manner, and can be rubbed as if it were a piece of linen. At the same time its tensile strength is enormously increased. It is quite different to the so-called parchment paper, which undergoes the same treatment, but with sulphuric acid.

The pamphlets and special handbooks which accompanied the late exhibitions at South Kensington are not to form a feature of the Exhibition of Inventions and Musical Instruments. In place of these the catalogue will contain introductory articles on special

subjects written by the best authorities. This is a far better plan than the other, at any rate for the general public who wish to gain a knowledge of anything which interests them without wading through a pile of matter about which they care nothing.

In a charcoal-burning furnace in Michigan, where fifty tons of charcoal are made daily, the smoke abatement problem seems to have been solved in a very satisfactory manner. Formerly allowed to waste itself in the air, the smoke from this huge furnace is now made to yield a profitable return in the shape of valuable chemicals. First, by a process of distillation, comes a product of impure pyroligneous acid, which is afterwards passed through a purifier. From this acid is produced acetate of lime, alcohol, tar, and gas, the latter being used as fuel for some of the operations. It would seem, in fact, that these by-products must be almost as remunerative as the charcoal itself. We have a parallel case in our gas factories at home.

Those who wish that they had not to pay so much to the gas collector, and who may have visions of the conveniences which would be theirs if England possessed a vast supply of natural gas, like certain American towns, may be reminded that the advantages of such a supply are somewhat counterbalanced by drawbacks. The gas issues from the ground with such force that it is difficult to make pipes strong enough to withstand its pressure. Leakage is therefore very common, the risks of explosion being greatly augmented by the circumstance that the gas has no smell. At Pittsburg lately three explosions took place in one day, causing much wreckage of property and personal injury. Here at home the pungent tell-tale scent of the gas is a most valuable reminder of its presence, and were it not for the inevitable wisecrack who looks for a leak with a lighted candle, accidents from explosion would be rare.

T. C. H.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN INDIA

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD talks of the "magic of the Celt;" but every one who goes to India feels that "the magic of the Hindoo" is a phrase with a deal more "reasonableness" in it. A Welsh shopkeeper, an Irish servant-maid, a Highland gillie, have far less "magic" about them than that other Celtic creature the Manx cat. With those whom foolish young subs talk of as "niggers" the case is quite otherwise; for every one of them mystery, Aryan or other, is the breath of his nostrils; and even the average white man feels and has to struggle against this something in the air. A good many white folks don't struggle against it to any purpose; witness the ease with which Madame Blavatsky won the fame of a sorceress, and the faith that Mr. Sinnett and his school have in neo-Platonic Buddhism. Even in England spiritualism and thought-reading and the like are catching; but, as with fevers, we take them in a mild form compared with what they assume in India. What's the reason? No doubt because to the most superficial observer what we call the material world is so much less under human control there than here. Every fact of life helps to make man feel so thoroughly on the very edge of things, ready to slide over at an instant's notice into that other set of things which is beyond. Not only is Nature over-mastering and overawing in her mountains, rivers, deserts, storms, sun, but animal life is the same. A new-comer writes as follows of the uncanny prominence and self-assertion of those beasts and birds which with us are either tame or timid; and his view has the value that anything must have which helps us to understand our Hindoo fellow-subjects. Till we know them better, we can never hope to determine under what modification our Teutonised Semito-Latin religion may most usefully be presented to them. He says:

"Ever since I got on land I have been in a constant state of excitement. All things are so strange and wonderful to me; I don't believe I shall ever lose the feeling of wonder. The natives are so wholly different from what I expected. I hope I shall soon sympathise with them entirely. I like to think that I already begin to understand their nature a little bit—their strange quietism, that takes all things as matter of course; their nearness to the supernatural; their absence of individuality; their disregard of death along with their cowardice. But I can't write down my feelings about them yet, they are too confused. . . . Their nearness to the supernatural, comes, I think, from the fact that the living things out here are not like those in England, where they know their place with regard to the superior animal—man. Here they are his equals, or even his superiors; and, if I were not so uncomfortably wise, I too should soon be filled with delightful superstitions, thanks to the uncanny ways of birds and beasts. In spite of myself, I feel a touch of it every nightfall. The daylight is over suddenly; and then the great hollow darkness—I call it hollow, because the skies here seem to be so far away from the earth, and to unfold so much more space than they do at home—is alive with sound. Every inch of it, close at your ears as well as a quarter of a mile away, seems to contain a voice. Frogs roar like an excited and encroaching mob; crickets scream like a shrill-voiced Cornish woman calling to her friend across a valley; and huge slow-winged bats as large as geese flap leisurely about you. I had heard of these 'flying foxes;' and yet, when the first slid past my head yesterday evening, I literally, like 'pious Æneas,' *obstipui, steteruntque comæ*. The sun that breeds millions of dusky men breeds birds and beasts, who seem to think they have as much right to their share in the earth as he has. Squirrels come and read your books—one made its nest the other day in my coat pocket; crows walk in and eat your bread, and look at you as if they thought you a poor creature; lizards peep at you with eyes of equal intelligence. Everything is so much at home, so self-confident, that I am insensibly getting to look on them as persons, well-to-do persons, much better conditioned than the poor human animals, who rarely get their fill of office.

"I am sure it is this uncanny *sans gêne* on the part of all living creatures which has made the natives so full of quaint superstitions—so prone to what you call beast worship. I'm getting a touch of it; I who've only been here a few days, while they've had ages of modification. One feels this spirit of other-worldliness in their music. It is so inexpressibly weird. Two 'boys' came in to-day after dinner and squatted on the ground, one playing a zither, the other singing. The songs were of all sorts—cradle song, love song, hymn to Siva the destroyer—all very sweet and plaintive; but every one of them positively hurt me like a cry of some one in distress. The most comfortable creature I've seen out here is a rhinoceros in the Madras Zoological Garden. The keeper insulted him horribly, hacking at him with a club; but he went on calmly chewing grass. Don't fall into the error that a moral pachyderm is best suited to his environment as the world is out here; and that in India your thin-skinned man is as uncomfortable as a chicken taken out of the egg before it is quite hatched. At present I have not the least need to feel pachydermatous; all I have to do is to keep at bay suitors like him who penned the following:—'Respected Sir, I understand you are in want of an elephant. I shall supply you with one cheap and good.' For half a day I was in mortal fear lest the 'huge earth-shaking beast' should be incontinently walked down to my door, and I should be obliged to pay my too-eager purveyor for taking him off my hands. I come back to the supernatural; the native worships any and everything. If when ploughing he turns up a stone of anything but the most ordinary shape, he at once falls down and 'does poojah' to it; and as to animals, his anxious tenderness towards them does not come from his religion, but has been grafted on his religion, thanks to the strangely independent attitude of equality and something more which all living things maintain towards him, of whom the dread and the fear ought to be, but is not upon them." It is a curious question how far this *Schauer*, which is not the *Schauer*

des Erhabenen, but a half dread of small and mean as well as of exalted things, is really due to this peculiar relative position in India of man and animals. Of course it once existed all the world over; but there it certainly survives much more intensely than among less-cultured races elsewhere.

C. G. F.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

FROM all that we can learn—and our source of information is tolerably trustworthy—Canadian society, as at present constituted, cares but little for the Muses, and any adventurous spirit venturing into the domain of *belle lettres* is likely to have his or her personal enjoyment for sole reward. Still we cannot help thinking that there will be found some in the Dominion who can appreciate real poetry, and such readers ought to welcome such an exceptional volume as "Old Spooks's Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems," by Isabella Valancy Crawford (Toronto: James Bain); at any rate its merits will be recognised on this side of the water, and it is a great pity that no name of a London publisher appears on the title-page. Under ordinary circumstances we must have begun by taking exception to some of the strange perversions of sense and metre which disfigure the volume; but criticism is disarmed by a plaintive pen and ink comment on the margin of the meagre table of errata (consisting of one printed entry), to this effect: "There are forty press errors instead of one"—so we suppose the printer and not the author is to blame for such blunders as those at, e.g., pages 100, 2. The matter is admirable, and Miss Crawford shows a versatility of talent, combined with a descriptive power and a sense of humour, which ought to make their mark. The first piece is a weird tale of the Rocky Mountains, something in the style of Colonel Hay, and equal to anything he ever published; the scene in which the friendly spectre heads the stampeding kine could hardly be surpassed in its way, and there is genuine pathos in the poor cattle-drover's lonely meditations—though they are just the sort of thing that Philistines and fools would dub profane! Somewhat akin to this, in a different way, is "Old Spense"—an excellent piece of dry humour at the expense of those worthy Puritans who, we suppose, still exist in the out-of-the-way American districts; the episode of the agent and the cream is almost too good not to be true. Careful and musical as it is, we do not care so much for "The Helot," but "Mary's Tryst" is worthy of Campbell. The gem of the collection, however, is "Malcolm's Katie," a genuine idyll of backwood life, in which the author's descriptive powers show themselves at their best; the varying seasons are placed absolutely before the mind's eye, and to read the description of the Indian summer at page 47 is like looking at a picture by Mr. Hennessy. The story is a simple one of faithful love surviving all trials, and the heroine and her stalwart lover Maxwell Gordon are a couple worthy of romance. Indeed the book throughout is a delightful one, and we wish the author all success.

"The Squires: a First-Classical and Im-Political Burlesque," by Aston Rytot (Chapman and Hall), is a clever, if slightly vulgar, satire upon some existing political aspects. The author, who shows considerable powers of light versification, seems to contemplate the possibility of mob-rule in the future.

It is doubtful whether children, as a rule, would be at the trouble of deliberately studying their parts in drawing-room plays—our own experience is that they vastly prefer improvised amusements. The opposite hypothesis seems to be upheld by the author of "Three Plays for Drawing-Room Acting: 'Cinderella,' 'The Lady-Help,' and 'A Story of the Stars,'" by Florence Leslie Henderson (Swan Sonnenschein), but much success cannot be anticipated for the little volume, as the pieces are both dull and commonplace.



MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—A very pleasing part song for four voices is "Hush! The Night Draws On," by Robert H. Earnshaw. It is written for male voices only—alto, two tenors, and bass.—A spirited song for the present stirring times is "The Battle Cry," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and G. Hubi Newcombe.—Of a serious type are both music and words of "Heaven's Voices," written and composed by Mary M. Lemon and Alfred Redhead. This song will find great favour in the home circle.—Another work has been added to the countless number already published on the subject: "Theory with Relation to Technical Studies for the Pianoforte," by Max Blume, is a well-written book, and will prove of great assistance to the student of that branch of musical knowledge.—"Wood and Co.'s Organ Library" has arrived at Book VI. It contains four works of high-class merit—"March," by John Naylor, Mus. Doc.; "Soft Voluntary," by Frank Spinney, F.C.O.; "Rhapsodie," by J. W. Hinton, Mus. Doc.; and "March in G Minor," by Walter Spinney.—"Marche Romaine," for the pianoforte, by Edward Redhead, and "The Marionette's Ball," by J. C. Beazley, are both very good style for the drawing-room.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A good vocal duet always meets with a welcome. "Over the Heather," written and composed by William Boosey and Frank L. Moir, for soprano and mezzo-soprano (or baritone), is well worthy the attention of our readers.—Quaint and piquante words, wedded to appropriate music, are combined in "Prithee Madam," by Messrs. Claxson Bellamy and Frederic Rivenhall. This song will prove acceptable at a People's Concert.—Of the same cheerful type is "Why So!" written and composed by William Daniels and F. Sewell Southgate. Both these songs are of medium compass.—"Two Sketches for the Pianoforte," by G. W. F. Crowther, are:—No. I., "Rondino Scherzando in F"; No. II., "Novelette in C." They are very well written, and merit to be learnt by heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A spirited chorus for male voices is "Over the Sea Our Gallies Went," words by Robert Browning, music by Ethel Harraden (C. Jefferys).—Replete with pathos and devotional feeling is "Help Me to Pray," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and F. Paolo Tosti (Messrs. Ricordi).—A work of no ordinary merit is "A New and Simplified System of Counterpoint, Combined with Thorough Bass," by Joseph F. Harris, which well deserves its title. It is designed to teach so much of plain counterpoint as will enable teachers in general, and those who may not have studied the theory of music, to acquire such knowledge of the art as will qualify them to set with propriety any tune in two or more parts, and to rearrange tunes, already set, from a larger to a smaller number of parts, or *vice versa* (Messrs. W. Williams and Co.).—An unpretentious but tuneful little ballad is "His Ship," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and S. Emily Oldham (Messrs. Ambrose and Co.).—"A Christmas March," for organ or pianoforte, by William Hill, is a thoroughly sound composition, one of the best of its school.—We cannot say much in favour of "Carola Valse," by Walter R. Harvey; or "The Light Fantastic Polka," by Paul Bevan, the like of which have been heard many times before (Joseph Williams).—"Edith Gavotte," by J. T. Musgrave (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.); and "Aurora," a *morceau* for the pianoforte, by Louisa Hawkins (Messrs. Hutchings and Romer), are fairly well written, but lacking in originality.

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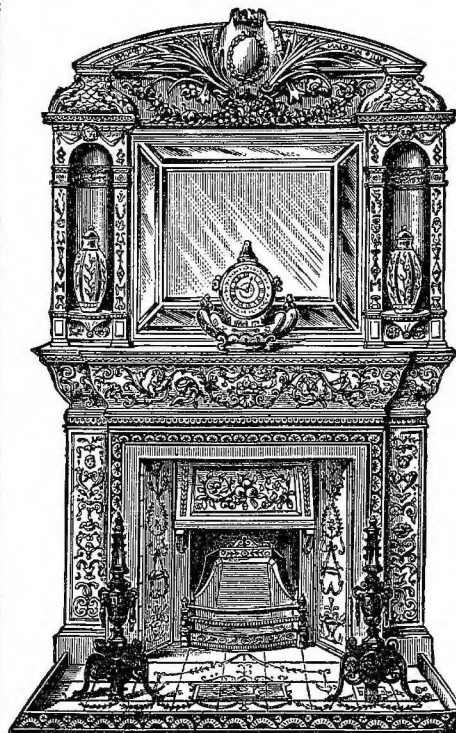
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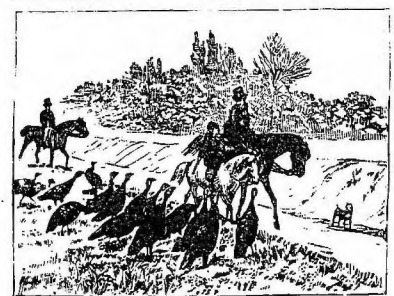
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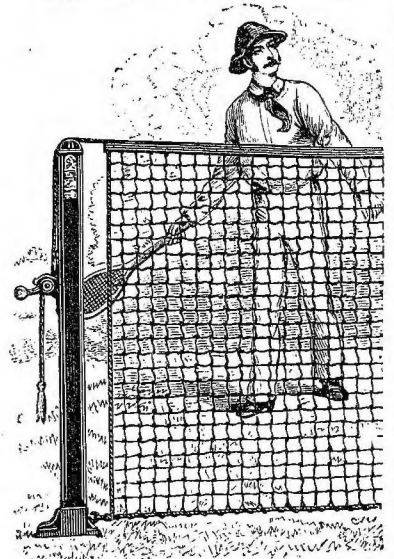
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"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

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"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

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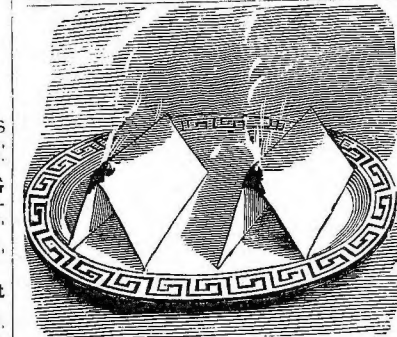
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